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Choice Poetry.

ON THE DEATH OF SIR ROBERT PEEL.

FROM "HOUSEHOLD WORDS."

There was a festive hall with mirth resounding;
Beauty and wit, and friendliness surrounding;
With minstrelsy above, and dancing feet rebounding.

And at the height came news, that held suspended
The sparkling glass!—till slow the hand descended—
And cheeks grew pale and straight—and all the mirth was ended.

Beneath a sunny sky, 'twas heard with wonder,
A flash had cleft a lofty tree asunder,
Without a previous cloud—and with no rolling thunder.

Strong was the stem—its boughs above all thrilling—
And to its roots and sap no canker galling—
Prosperity was perfect, while Death's hand was falling.

Man's body is less safe than any tree;
We build our ship in strong security—
A Finger, from the dark, points to the trembling sea.

Man, like his knowledge, and his soul's endeavor,
Is framed for no fixed altitude—but ever
Moves onward: the first pause, returns all to the Giver.

Riches and health, fine taste, all means of pleasure;
Success in highest efforts—fame's best treasure—
All these were thine,—o'ertopped—and overweighed the measure.

But in recording thus life's night-shade warning,
We hold the memory of thy kind heart's morning;—
Man's intellect is not man's sole nor best adorning.

IMAGINARY EVILS.

Let to-morrow take care of to-morrow;
Leave things of the future to fate:
What's the use to anticipate sorrow?
Life's troubles come never too late!
If to hope overmuch be an error,
'Tis one that the wise have preferred;
And how often have hearts been in terror
Of evils—that never occurred!

Have faith—and thy faith shall sustain thee—
Permit not suspicion and care
With invisible bonds to enchain thee,
But bear what God gives thee to bear
By His Spirit supported and gladdened.
Be ne'er by "forebodings" deterred!
But think how oft hearts have been saddened
By fear—of what never occurred!

Let to-morrow take care of to-morrow!
Short and dark as our life may appear,
We may make it still darker by sorrow—
Still shorter by folly and fear!
Half our troubles are half our invention,
And often from blessings conferred
Have we shrunk in the wild apprehension
Of evils that never occurred!

Original Novelet.

SHANNONDALE;
OR,
THE NUN OF MOUNT CARMEL.
(CONTINUED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,
AUTHOR OF "THE DESERTED WIFE,"
"RETRIBUTION," &c.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, by Mrs Emma D. E. N. Southworth, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER VIII.

THE HAUNTER OF THE SACRED HEART.

It was about to speak— * * * *
And then it started like a guilty thing * *
But soft—behold, lo! where it comes again!
I'll cross it tho' it blast me!—stay, illusion!
If thou hast any sound, or use a voice,
Speak to me! *Shakspeare.*

Down in one of those picturesque gaps of the Blue Ridge, watered by a branch of the Shenandoah, stood the old Catholic Chapel of the Sacred Heart, erected by the first American Summerfield. It was a small gothic building, constructed of red sand-stone, in the form of a cross, with a tower and steeple at the end. It was surrounded by a graveyard, in which reposed the mortal remains of all the Summerfield family. Adjoining this chapel was a small cottage, built also of red sand-stone, and surrounded with a small garden-yard; farther off, an orchard of various kinds of fruit trees. This modest dwelling was the home of the old priest Father Burleigh, his niece Harry, and his housekeeper, Miss Matilda or Mattie Smilie, an ancient maiden and a lay sister of the order of Mount Carmel. It was a very poor-looking house for a clergyman. It wanted all those little comforts and luxuries with which zealous Catholics love to surround their Father in the Lord. Not but that the few parishioners of the old priest were kind and liberal, and wished to enrich him, but because they were few, and numbered among them but three wealthy heads of families—namely, Squire Darling, Mrs. Summerfield and Colonel Dangerfield; and the munificent gifts of these three were scattered among the surrounding poor of every denomination.—Father Burleigh kept his vow of poverty in spirit as in letter. Nevertheless, sometimes Father Burleigh gave little feasts to his "children," and filled his small house and grounds with the old and young of both sexes of his flock. The whole glen, containing the chapel, with its graveyard, and the cottage, with its grounds, was cut off from all other neighborhoods by high, pine-covered mountains, and watered by the Sacred Stream, a branch of the Shenandoah. It was a very lonesome place.—Night came sooner and lingered longer there than anywhere else. Day came later and departed sooner. The sun was some time in reaching the top of the East Mountain, and then in a few hours it would cross and sink behind the West Mountain. One narrow path led down between these mountains to the glen; this was used only by horse or foot passengers. Carriages approached from the opposite shore of the river, crossing by a ferry-boat—the ferry-house being on the said opposite side.

One night, about a week from the events of our last chapter, in the nicely-sanded kitchen of the priest's cottage, glowed a dull fire, by the murky light of which sat two persons talking very earnestly. The first was Miss Smilie, the lay-nun and housekeeper. Miss Mattie Smilie was not the stereotyped old maid of popular literature,—there was nothing stiff in her manner, or sour or bitter in her heart—neither was she tall, prim and angular,—as the model old maid of novels ought to be. She was exactly opposite; she was short, fat, fair, with gray hair, nay, *white* hair, not ashamed to show its silvery softness under her clean white cap—with smiling blue eyes, and smiling lips,—in fact, with a smile all over her face—half-beatification, half-bonhommie. Indeed, folks who loved the dear old lady used to laugh to think how well her soft, merry name, suggestive as it was of all pleasant and kindly things, described her in itself. How full of goodness and humor her quiet smile was! But now, as she sat picking cotton in the old elbow chair, and talking earnestly with her companion, her smile was somewhat grave. That companion was no other than Angela, the old negro housekeeper of Red-Stone Hall, sent by Mrs. Summerfield, with presents of preserves, pickles, cordials, &c., from the new "stilling" at her house. Their conversation had commenced lightly enough. Angela, or "Gelly," as the invariable habit of abbreviation dubbed her; Gelly had entered with the basket on her arm, had saluted the housekeeper respectfully, and had sunk down heavily—for Gelly was a weighty body—into the chair set for her by Miss Mattie, and had begun her talk before she noticed the unwonted gloom upon the usually pleasant countenance of Miss Mattie Smilie.

"I have *fotch* over some pickles and 'serves and cordials, as the madam sent for ole marster."

"Mrs. Summerfield sent for Father Burleigh?"

"Yes, chile, we-dem jes done a doin' of em this evenin'. We dem been very busy up there at the hall! I 'clare to my hebenly Marster if I ain't all but runned off my legs. There's two cotton carders and two woollen carders, and two cotton spinners, and two woollen spinners, and a cotton cloth, a woollen cloth, and a linen cloth weaver, and a carpet weaver, and a counterpane weaver, all for me to look arter in the factory-rooms, and then there's the 'serves—"

"Haven't you almost done preserving?"

"Lor', chile, no! We done put up the cherries and strawberries and raspberries, and made the blackberry jam and cherry bounce, and all that as comes more yearly in the season like, but lor! you know, chile, the worst part of the serving and stilling is to come yet, when the quinces and the pears and peaches, and the citrons and melons come on, and then we've got to make peach brandy and currant wine, besides currant jelly and apple brandy, and the elder wine—I 'clare to my hebenly Jesus if I ain't all but ready to drap right down!"

"Well! never mind, when the stilling and pickling and preserving is all over you can rest," smiled the good natured Miss Mattie.

"Rest! catch me resting! You want this nigger sold to Georgy don't you? No indeed, arter 'stilling and 'serving is over, then there come, more picklin', and then arter that, cuttin' out the niggers' winter clothes and makin' of um up, and then hog-killing and beef-killing time, and meat curing time—the Lord have massy upon us, it ain't a nothing but one thing arter another from one year's end to the t'other!"

"But you don't have to do it yourself."

"No, but I haves to see arter it all. I haves to walk arter them there lazy niggers from mornin' *till* night, if I *didn't*, tain't one of them there huzzies would do a single stroke of work! not one of them yearns their salt any how—Lord a-massy! I wish *I* was their mist'ess, *I'd make* some on 'em jump!"

"Mrs. Summerfield is merciful."

"'Taint no massy to spile a raft o' lazy niggers! 'twa'n't so in *ole* madam's time! I gits out o' all manner of patience a-trotting arter them there gals!"

"You must bear your cross cheerfully."

"I do! I totes my crosses as strong as anybody does, only I gets tired and mad sometimes."

"You should take patience."

"*I do!* I takes so much patience that I'm afeard there is not any left for anybody else, and it makes me feel like a thief."

"The Lord's treasury is infinite—the more you take out of it, the more is left behind; and you do not rob, but enrich others by drawing freely from it—for example spreads—'a little leaven leaveneth the whole.'"

"A what?"

"I mean the virtue of one person in a community, is like a spoonfull of brewer's yeast in a batch of dough—it goes through it all. Example is catching."

"I hope it ain't about here! Oh, yes! I see! if I have patience, people will catch it from me like the small-pox!"

"Yes."

"Well, then, I must try—but Sam wastes round me a good deal!"

"Every one has their trials, Gelly!" said Miss Mattie, with a meek smile—"*I have mine!*"

"*You* have yours! what are they? Won't Miss Harry mend her stockings?"

"Worse than that!"

"What then?"

"I'm haunted—a speerit walks about here!"

"Oh-h-a *Lor-r-r-d!*" cried the old woman, casting a fearful glance around her.

"Truth, I'm tellin' you! it walks in the church-yard about this time o' night!"

"Holy Mary!" exclaimed the old woman, crossing herself.

"Yes!"

"How long?"

"Why, you see, I'll tell you—" said the old lady, in a mysterious whisper. "Yesterday—no, the day *before* yesterday—Harry went to spend the day out. Well! in the evening, a messenger comes after Father Burleigh to go and confess a penitent that was about to die. Well! there was a thunder-gust coming up, but Father Burleigh never stopped for *that*. The storm arose just about the time he was a setting off, but on he went. I was left alone here in all the storm—but still I was better off than he who was exposed to its fury. Well! it stormed very hard, but it was very soon over. And when night came on, I began to think of going out into the pines to get brush and pine-knots to make a quick fire to get Father Burleigh's supper. Well, child, bless your soul—I put on Father Burleigh's long coat—*his old one*—to keep the damp out, and I goes out. It was pitch dark, and nothing to be seen but the lonesome stars, and nothing to be heard but the roaring of the river, flooded by the rain. Well, child, I went over the stile into the church-yard to get to the forest, the *nighest* way and the *driest* way; and I was about half way across the ground, there by the grave of old Mrs. Summerfield, when I happens to look up, and lo! and behold! there stood a figure, three feet in front of me—shining white in the black darkness! I like to fainted; I don't know what kept me up! There it stood! with its black hair streaming, and its black brows frowning, and its pale cheeks white as the clothes it were."

"It was an optical allusion."

"A what?"

"An optical allusion—that is, seein' a thing that ain't there!"

"Yes, but it *was there*, child! and I like to have dropped down; how's'ever, I turned right round and went back and turned into the spring-road. Well, child! I went on a few yards and I come nigh the spring, and I looked up—and there stood the speerit! right before me again. My heart sunk right down, and my head spun round—and—well, I turned back a second time, and thought I would go home; for it seemed like a tempting of Providence to go on. Well, child! true as I am telling of you—I went up the narrow path a trembling so I could hardly stand, for there wasn't a yearthly soul on the premises but myself and the speerit. Well, child! just as I got almost home, I heard a sigh—and looking up to see where it come from, *there stood the speerit!* I bursted out into a perspiration, and I said 'In the name *off* the Father, and *off* the Son, and *off* the Holy Ghost, what do you want?' Well! as soon as the speerit heer'd that, it vanished."

"De Lord!!"

"Yes—well I don't know how I ever got to the house. Father Burleigh came home late that night, and I told him all about it, but he wouldn't pay any heed to it—he said it was 'imagination.' Miss Harry didn't come home that night, and she hasn't come home yet. *Yesterday* morning Father Burleigh went over in Farquier to see a sick 'oman and staid all day. When night come I expected him home and went out to pick up chips to get his tea. Well, child! I took another track. I didn't like to go nigh the graveyard, and so I turns up the path leading away from the glen up the mountain behind. Well, child! it was yearly in the evenin' and I can't say as I felt much afeard! but God bless your soul, as I looked up, 'way up the hill and a-coming down was the speerit, with its black hair and ghastly face, and its white robe, all shining in the star light."

"Hush, honey!"

"I turned and ran! Father Burleigh came home yearly this mornin', and I told him that I had seen the speerit again, and when and where I had seen it. Well, child, *this* time he listens to me, and to-night—*this very* night, he says he'll keep watch for it himself!"

"Hush, honey!" again exclaimed the half-terrified, half-incredulous negress.

"I have my thoughts! I think it is some perturbed speerit from purgatory, who wants masses said for the repose of its soul!"

"De Lord Jesus! I shall be afeered to go home to-night. I shall stay here 'long o' you 'til morning, honey!"

"So do. My goodness! here comes Father Burleigh now, and the tea kettle ain't on for tea!" said the bustling little old housekeeper, fidgetting about the kitchen to prepare supper.

The priest entered the kitchen, leaning heavily upon his staff. He laid it down, put off his square-topped cap, and sank wearily in his chair, without speaking. Old Gelly arose, curtsied, and respectfully remained standing, while the old man's tea was getting ready.

"Has Harriette returned?" he asked, with some anxiety, of the housekeeper.

"No, sir."

"Where is she?"

"Your reverence knows, sir, that Miss Harry left here to go to Oak Grove. I suppose she is there, with Miss Winny. Though Miss Harry and Miss Hinton are the best friends."

"Miss Hinton! I utterly object to that association, Mattie. If Harriette returns while I am out to-morrow, *tell* her so!"

The placid housekeeper promised compliance, and set the tea on the table.

The old priest changed his boots for slippers, and drew his chair to the table.

When supper was over, and the table-cloth removed, and the reading lamp lighted and set upon it, and Father Burleigh had taken down a volume of the "Lives of the Saints," and laying it on the table, had opened and commenced reading, Miss Mattie went up to him, and with a meek, half-chastened tone, said—

"Have you forgotten, Father Burleigh?"

"Forgotten *what*?"

"The poor souls in purgatory."

"By no means, my good Mattie—what mean you by the question?"

"I mean you know the *speerit* I saw!"

"Oh, nonsense, my good soul! Some mischievous person is practising on your credulity, to amuse him or herself with your fright."

"But your reverence promised—"

"I promised to investigate it. I will do so," and the old man, resuming his cap and his staff, went forth.

It was very dark; the lofty mountains loomed gloomily into the clouded sky; the hollow moan of a rising wind through the forest, and the hoarse murmur of the swollen river, as it swept past, were the only sounds that disturbed the otherwise dead silence. The priest looked around upon the murky darkness of the sullen scene, and seemed to find a morose pleasure in its assimilitude to his own soul; then, with an imperceptible smile at his own credulity, he turned his steps to where the white tombstones of the church-yard gleamed faintly out in the darkness. He passed the little gate, and was within the enclosure. Nothing was to be seen but—*near*, the white and spectral-looking tombstones, and—*far*, the dark and looming mountains; and nothing was to be heard but the hollow groans of the wind among the mountain-pines, answered by the hoarse moan of the river at their base. A vague, but awful terror, or presentiment—or some equally fearful influence, weighed down the spirit of the priest, and he was about to retrace his steps, when—

"*At last!*" exclaimed a thrilling voice, near him.

An icy chill ran through the veins of the priest—his blood curdled. He was neither cowardly nor superstitious, but the time, the place, the circumstances, his shattered nervous system—certain dark memories of the past, all conspired to betray his courage. He looked around, but saw nothing—nothing but the old chapel, the spectral tomb-stones, and the giant mountains.

"Who speaks?" he asked, in a quivering voice.

"*Who listens?*" was the response.

"It is I—Father Burleigh—pastor of the Sacred Heart Parish—and who art *thou*?"

"*One who knows the deepest secrets of thy soul, Barnabas Burleigh, pastor of the Sacred Heart!*"

Again the blood of the old priest was turned back in its course.

"And what—what wouldst thou with me?" gasped the unhappy man, as his knees smote together.

"*Follow me!*" replied the voice; and at the same moment a figure clothed in white emerged from the deep darkness, and glided up the path before him leading to the chapel.

The priest followed, with tottering steps, despite the support of the staff he leaned upon.

The figure paused at the church door.

"*Open it!*" said the mystery, receding, and leaving the way unobstructed for the priest to pass.

Father Burleigh stooped, and drawing the key from its hiding-place under the door-step, unlocked the door and entered. The white figure glided after him. The priest gained the steps of the altar, struck a light, and turning with a newly summoned courage—for there was a feeling of sanctity, of safety, in the walls of the church—in the precincts of the altar—he flashed its light upon the advancing figure, and said, in a stern voice, and with a frowning, though pallid brow—

"Come!—approach, intruding spy!—reveal thyself!"

The figure walked straight up the aisle, paused before the blazing torch, threw back a large, muffling, white muslin veil, and revealed the face of Sina Hinton, sparkling with the light of its insolent defiance and malignant joy!

CHAPTER IX.

THE EVIL SPIRIT.

By thy cold breast and serpent smile,
By thy unfathomed gulfs of guile,
By that most seeming virtuous eye,
By thy shut soul's hypocrisy,
By the perfection of thine art,
That passed for human thine own heart,
By thy delight in others' pain,
And by thy sisterhood of Cain,
I call upon thee, and compel
Thyself to be thy proper hell. *Byron.*

"Dark, dreadful girl! what wouldst thou with me?"

It was some moments before she replied; and in that time her eyes were fixed upon his as though she would strike that sharp, bright glance deep into the profoundest depths of his soul, and read there how much of principle might remain to defend—how much of fear to betray him into her power.

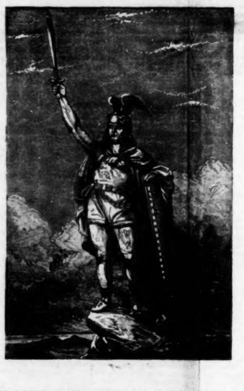
Alas! the eyes of the anointed priest quailed and fell before those of the sinful girl.

Then she laughed aloud and said, "Oh! I have no secrets from *you!* Come hither, Father!" and drawing him into a side pew, she sat down before him. The priest trembled in every limb, and covered his face with his hands. "I looked into your soul just now to satisfy myself of what I almost knew before—that is, that I should find a coadjutor—not a betrayer in you!"

"Lost girl! That your purposes are all bad, I read in the fiend-like exultation of your countenance! *Dare* you count upon my co-operation?"

"*Yes! I am mistress of your secret!*"

Our Portrait Gallery.



HERMANN, PRINCE OF THE CHERUSCI.

FROM ROTTECK'S HISTORY OF THE WORLD.

Under the lead of Hermann, Prince of Cherusci, Germany was redeemed from the Roman yoke. Lulled into deceptive security, decoyed into pathless and dense forests, the Romans under Varus, heard suddenly on all sides the terrible battle cry. After a bloody combat, the great Roman army was annihilated, and the freedom of the German tribes once more established. This was in the ninth year of our era. Hermann himself was, a few years afterwards, assassinated.

"And though that secret, wretched girl, should consign me to a—"

"*Scaffold!*"

The old man shuddered from head to foot as he faltered—

"And even then, detestable girl, do you think that I will lend myself to any wicked purpose of yours?"

"*Pah!*" exclaimed Sina, with infinite disgust. "You judge my purpose by *your* past. I have nothing in hand, at which your moral cowardice shall shrink, for I have nothing in hand that shall break any one of the ten commandments, or any law of the land—*as it happens!*"

"*As it happens!* And if it were otherwise?" inquired the priest, fixing his piercing black eyes upon those of Sina, and seeming for the moment even to lose his fears in serious contemplation of this singular being.

She did not quail under that glance, as she replied, boldly—"If it were otherwise, it would make no whit of difference with *me*—whatever it might with you!"

"Audacious girl—you glory in your wickedness!"

"I TRIUMPH IN MY POWER!"

"Woman! you are transfigured before me! Your eyes flare! they flame! You are a fiend!"

"You have a fine imagination, Father, though rather a diabolical one—fine, as that of the moon-struck poet, Ardenne, who calls me an angel, and whose fancies, in contradistinction of your own, may be called celestial. Now, neither of you have hit it! *This* is the truth. There was in me, as in you, and in us all, originally, an angel and a devil, striving for pre-eminence. They kept up in my soul such an eternal war that I had no peace between them, so I just strangled and cast out the angel, and the fiend has quiet possession. I advise you to do the same!"

The priest was leaning over the front of the pew, contemplating her as she sat there. "Satanic wisdom!"

"Discord in the soul is weakness—war in the soul is impotency; so long as the good and evil strive in us, we have no will, no individuality, no *life*—it is only at the *end* of the struggle that we are born into life, the life of an angel or of a devil—even in this world—and that life brings power! grand power! Napoleon never would have been Emperor, if he had not possessed a vigorous will, and early put an end to the inner struggle—early strangled and cast out the angel! The life that you see around you, is not life, but a chaos of good and evil impulses in which individuality—'myself'—is lost. Three destinies await the soul at the death of the body—angel-life, demon-life, or annihilation; angel-life to those who have expelled the fiend—demon-life to those who have cast out the angel—annihilation to those weak souls lost in the struggle. As weak infants perish in the crisis of birth, or even before—so weak souls perish in the crisis of death, or even before. IMMORTALITY IS FOR THOSE ONLY, WHO ARE STRONG ENOUGH TO GRASP IT!"

"Incarnate fiend! have you chosen this holy ground to deliver your diabolical heresies only? or have you any other purpose? If so, speak it! for my soul is scorched by your presence as my body would be by the proximity of a conflagration!"

"Go on, sir! my father who was expert at gambling used to say that it was the privilege of the beaten to swear!"

"Will you tell me why you seek me in this secret way?"

"Truth, Father, I love to prolong this conversation! It is so seldom I find one with whom I can be *really* frank as I can with you—it is quite refreshing!"

The fingers of the priest worked convulsively, his sunken eyes flashed for an instant and then fell—a power as of myriads of angels had sought to draw him away—a power as of hosts of demons held him to his seat. The hour and the place, deep, dark night, the interior of the lone old church, the presence of this evil spirit scarcely less terrible to him than if disembodied, all acted upon his shattered nerves and held him in a state of hopeless imbecility, fitfully varied by spasms of resistance, each of which left him weaker than before; at last he said, in a smothered voice,

"Girl! thou knowest my secret—by what necromancy, it is bootless to ask—but, thou knowest my secret! what is the price of thy silence?"

"Ah! *now* thou comest to the point. In a word, then. Edgar Ardenne called upon you last week with a request that you would unite himself and Miss Darling in marriage, and you refused to do so!"

"I did! I will not officiate in a clandestine marriage. I wonder that any minister of the gospel ever should."

"Exemplary old man! would you have the young people elope *without* being married? for that would be the end of your morality."

"I would have all ministers of the gospel and all others do their simple duty, and leave the consequences—"

"I might prove that those very 'consequences' affect the very point of 'duty,' but I will not. I will only remark that I wish you to reconsider that decision! I wish you to pronounce the nuptial benediction that shall unite forever the destinies of Edgar Ardenne and Winny Darling! and at no later period than to-morrow evening!"

"Ha! now do you not know, Miss Hinton, that such a ceremony would be null and void, that both Ardenne and Miss Darling are under age, and that in Virginia the marriage of minors without the consent of their parents and guardians is illegal, invalid?"

"Full well I know *that*, but I know also that as England has its Gretna Green, so Virginia has its Harper's Ferry, and that this law of Virginia does not diminish the annual number of youthful marriages. I know that its only effect is to take from the treasury of the State of Virginia, and to throw into the treasury of the State of Maryland several thousand dollars annually, in the money paid for marriage licenses by citizens of Virginia to the clerks of the county courts of Maryland! so much for their imported English law! Now what I want you to do, Father Burleigh, is *this*—Edgar Ardenne and Winny Darling will be at Harper's Ferry to-morrow evening; meet them there, cross the Potomac with them, unite them in the State of Maryland."

"And the license then?"

"No difficulty will be met there! The host of the hotel at Harper's Ferry 'keeps constantly on hand a supply' of blank licenses from the Court of Hagerstown, 'which he will sell at a small advance,'" laughed Sina.

The face of the priest could not be seen—the light he held was flickering out—he did not speak in reply to what she last said.

"And Father, *notice*—*listen!*—for now comes the very point of my argument. *My own participation in this affair must not be known.* No! not to one single soul—for, Father, *the day that I lose favor in this neighborhood; that very day your secret is given to the winds!*"

The light flashed up in an expiring flare, illuminating the thin, fierce features, and piercing eyes of the fiendish girl, and then went out in darkness.

CHAPTER X.

THE FLIGHT OF THE LOVE-ANGEL.

I leave thee, father! Eve's bright moon
Must now light other feet,
With the gathered grapes and the harp in tune,
Thy homeward steps to greet.
Thou in whose voice to bless thy child
Lay tones of love so deep,
Whose eye o'er all my youth hath smiled—
I leave thee!—Let me weep!

Mother, I leave thee!—on thy breast,
Pouring out joy and woe,
I have found that holy place of rest
Still changeless—yet I go!
Lips that have lulled me with your strain,
Eyes that have watched my sleep!
Will earth give love like yours again,
Dear mother!—Let me weep!
Mrs. Hemans

Oak Grove lay hushed and basking in the noon of an August day—the silence only dreamily disturbed by the drowsy murmur of the breeze among the foliage. Dinner was over, and the squire, clad in a cool white linen jacket and trowsers, was lying at length upon the long bench of the front piazza, taking his siesta.—The county paper with which he had read himself to sleep, had dropped from his hand. A drowsy little black boy in his shirt sleeves, was keeping the flies off his master, with a bunch of long peacock feathers. It is a warm, heavy, sleepy season, and the little negro nods, and bobs, and sways the peacock feathers. Presently he will inevitably slap it into the face of his master, who will wake up swearing.

In another part of the house, Madam Winifred, in her own chamber, knelt at her mid-day devotions.

In still another chamber, sat Winny and Sina. They sat by a window that was closely shaded with green foliage, the favorite resort of singing birds, which the gentleness of Winny had never alarmed. And through those green branches were caught short views of the level lawn, dotted with huge oak trees, and a glimpse of the distant quarters. Winny leaned upon her right elbow, and gazed tearfully from this embowered window. Her other hand was held by Sina, who pressed and kissed it frequently, or stroked her golden ringlets, and spoke to her tenderly and soothingly.

"But Sina—dear Sina—this is the *last*, the *very last* day that I shall stay at home! and it is *half over*. And to think that I am deceiving my trusting father and my dear, dear grandmother! that I, whom they love so fondly, so much more than I deserve—I, whom they call their 'darling,' their 'blessing,' their 'love-angel,' should deceive and desert them! Oh, it is very, very wicked!"

"Well, my love, if you think so, abandon the project—and if Ardenne, in his disappointment and despair, should blow his brains out—"

Winny turned pale, and shuddered from head to foot.

"Should blow his brains out, as young Fisher did, when Mary Key Dorsey jilted him last month, I do not *know*, I am not *sure*, that the sin will be laid at *your door*. You would be quite the *innocent* cause of his suicide."

Winny was scarcely sixteen—a mere child—a country child—a home-educated child—without the slightest protective knowledge of the world—without the slightest suspicion of its falsehood. Blame her filial impiety as it deserves—as she blames it herself, but do not call her weak, or foolish in her credulity of Sina's representations. She was not naturally weak or foolish, as her brave and patient after-life proved—*no*, she was only immature, sensitive, confiding.

"You do not dread this, I know; catastrophes are always unexpected—but—"

"Oh! say no more! I shall not recede now! I have no power to turn back now! I am whirled rapidly onward by a current I cannot arrest! Cannot, because I will not! Inclination hurries me forward—only duty, conscience, the memory of all the wrong I do those whom I love and leave, would stop me—but cannot—only troubles me! But I will not be traitor to my own conscience; I will not say that it exonerates, when it bitterly accuses me! I will not say that I think I am doing right, when I know and feel that I am *doing* wrong! wrong! wrong!—oh, so *very* wrong! I may have sinned before, but certainly I never suffered from remorse before."

"My dear love! my sweet Winny! my angel! do not talk so! *Remorse*—for what? You talk as though you were about to commit some atrocious wickedness. You are going to be married, and marriage is a holy state!"

"Yes! marriage *is* a holy state! I *feel* that—oh, so deeply, so strongly, so profoundly now! But I feel, too, that in entering this holy state against my dear grandmother, my more than mother's wishes—without my father's blessing, and in defiance of his curse, that I desecrate a sanctuary—that I commit a sacrilege, even as much as though I seized with impious hands, and quaffed with unholy lips, the sacred cup of the eucharist!"

"Winny! Winny! my little love! do not talk so! You are *already* married! By the mutual attractions God has placed in your hearts He has already married you. You do but legalize on earth what God has done in Heaven!"

"That is true! and yet—and yet—there is a disturbance—a discord in my soul—a bright joy struggling with a dark trouble—as if I had stolen as a thief into Heaven, with the sins of earth all clinging around me!"

For the first time, Sina Hinton lost her self-command; in truth, for a week she had had "a job" in the several parts she had played with Winny, with Ardenne, with the squire and the priest, and her patience was about exhausted—she jumped up and walked the floor in hasty strides, exclaiming—

"In the name of Judas! then send word to Edgar to go about his business, and so drop the whole matter!"

Winny held out her hand.

"Be patient with me, Sina! dear Sina!—you who have nothing to reproach yourself with—you do not understand my *feelings* even as I who never experienced physical pain, am puzzled to know why the sick should groan and writhe so! Be patient, Sina! Come back to me! I *told* you I would go—I *will* go. But come, Sina! there are some things I wish to leave with you to do."

Miss Hinton came and sat again by her side, embraced her, and said—

"Forgive me, Winny—but my dear child, your morbid sensibility *does* try my patience, sadly—and what is the use of it? You compared your course just now to the whirl of a current of *destiny*."

"No—not of *destiny*—I did not *so* excuse myself—to a current of *inclination*."

"It is the same thing. Let me remind you now of our boating on the Shenandoah. You and Ardenne were in a skiff together—we had many, many miles of smooth water from Harper's Ferry up to Shannondale, there we got into the rapids, and for a few minutes, during which we crossed them, our situation *seemed*—it was *only* seeming—very perilous! You held your very breath for awe!—yet in less than an hour, we were in smooth water again, and continued our course gleefully. *You are now in the rapids of your life*, and your grief and remorse are now as gratuitous and as temporary as your awe and terror were then. Oh! nonsense! my love! You will *smile* at this to-morrow—to-morrow, when in the saloon of Oak Grove, Mrs. Ardenne resting upon her husband's arm, with her father by her side, will be receiving the congratulatory visits of her friends. Nay, you will *wonder* at these fears, when in a few weeks, or months, Mrs. Ardenne shall see her husband, assisted by her father's great influence, rise rapidly to that high political distinction for which his splendid talents so eminently fit him. Why, Winny! *why*, Winny!" exclaimed Sina, suddenly changing her tone to one of light joyousness—"think of the great, the *immense* good your hand will confer upon Ardenne, and cast off your fears! As a general thing *I* disapprove of clandestine marriages, especially as they are often contracted hastily between thoughtless girls and reckless young men—whose very levity have made them unacceptable to the parents—and urge them into a secret union—but your case and that of Ardenne is so widely different, so diametrically opposite! It is a proud thing for you to open to one so eminently endowed as Ardenne, the way for a splendid political career! Do you not know, girl, that your lover's intellect is magnificent?—that he will blaze forth upon the world, with the blinding light of a newly created sun!" said the artful and eloquent girl, appealing to the loving enthusiasm of Winny.

"Oh, I know! I know it!" said the child, clasping her hands fervently together, while her cheek burned and her eyes glowed; "I know that he is a radiant archangel on earth!"

Sina turned aside to hide the mocking smile that taunted secretly the ecstatic admiration of the poor love-stricken child. She was content, that she had drawn her for a moment from her sad reveries. *It was but for a moment!* Winny's thoughts turned with an inevitable tendency to the sorrowful, to the true aspect of her position. She rose up and dried her eyes, and went about her little preparations, pale and sorrowful as though they were for a funeral—not a wedding—and all these preparations were for the comfort of those she was about to leave behind—just as the dying set their house in order before their departure.

"Here, Sina! here is a set of rubies—my father's gift upon my last birth-day—they will look well in your dark hair, Sina; take and wear them for my sake."

"But, my love—these are very—very costly—a—a *fortune* in themselves," said the cunning girl, divided between avarice and fear.

"Are they, I did not know it; so much the better for you, if they are valuable."

"But, my love, this munificent—regal present—your father would not approve."

"My father—my father—oh! whatever my father *does* care for, he does *not* care for cost, or money—especially he will not now when he is about to lose—oh, pitying Saviour!—here, take them, Sina, and say no more about them, for my heart is *very* heavy."

"But, my love; you may want them yourself."

"No, I do not like jewels about my person—they are heavy and sharp and flashing—and I almost dislike them—they offend my every sense—they flash my eyes out. I like softness and repose too well to like jewels—so be at ease, dear Sina, and enjoy the rubies, for you, I know, like jewels!"

"Oh, I do! I do so!"

"And here, Sina; here is a piece of crimson satin grandmother bought me for a dress—it will become your dark style well—take it."

"But, my love; *this* at least you will want."

"No," said Winny, in a tone whose sad solemnity would have touched any heart but Sina's; "no—if my father forgives me, I shall be too happy to need anything—if he does not, I shall be too lost to think of anything—*take that!*"

"My love, your fears are entirely groundless, and if they were *not*—if the squire *should* be obdurate for a while—why it will be his own fault, and I should give myself no concern about it."

"Ah! but there is one—poor one—who will be utterly blameless and helpless in the matter, and who will suffer more than all; for she will have no support in resentment, as my father will—no solace in love, as I shall. My poor, unselfish, fond grandmother! Oh! it is cruel—it is wicked, to grieve the love of *old age!* Youth is elastic and hopeful, with a long future before it—and can get over every trouble, except, perhaps, *remorse;* and middle life is mature in strength, and occupied with many things—but age, old age! it has so little to hope for in this world! so short a time to live in this sunshiny world, that it loves as much as a child does! and to fill that little time with bitterness—to flood those few remaining hours with sorrow! to break an *old* heart that has survived all the stormy troubles of life, to be broken at last by its best loved! and yet I am going to risk *that!* perhaps to do that! Oh, Sina! they call me 'a good child,' and 'a dear child'—when, if they *knew* it, I am only a selfish deceiver! Oh, Sina! there is not in all the prison cells of all the world, a heart designing so much wickedness as mine! for there is not one planning to break a gray haired mother's gentle, loving heart! Oh, Sina! how can you love me! how can you *bear* to look upon me! knowing all my illness, as you do!" And so, bitterly reproaching herself she burst into a tempest of tears—fell upon the bosom of Sina, and sobbed with a passionate vehemence that shook her fragile form as a storm shakes the rose-tree. *That* passion passed also and then, *indeed*, she grew calm and progressed with her little preparations. All, as I said, for those she left behind—none for herself, or her journey. "This little pile of clothes is for Aunt Nerve and her children; and this roll of old linen is for old Aunt Meal—you know she is the sick-nurse of the quarters; and, Sina, while I think of it—let me beg you, do not neglect the poor old people, whose infirmities confine them to their cabins. Send them something from the table every meal—and gather them together every evening under the oak-tree, and read a chapter in the Bible to them, as *I* used to do, and do not let *any one* miss me, if you can help it. And, oh, Sina! above all things, supply my place to my poor father, and my poor, dear grandmother! do not let them lack any of the little services they have been accustomed to receive from me."

And, oh! there was such a depth of mournfulness in her tones, there was such a world of sorrowful love in her meek, blue eyes—nay, her bright gold ringlets hung out of curl, and pale and dim and damp with the shower of tears she had shed. It was clear that however she might try to hope, to believe, in every tone of her melodious voice—melodious with the liquid music of still-gathering and unshed tears—every word of her conversation, was betrayed the gradual lowering of a heavy cloud, a dark presentiment upon her spirit—a conviction that her parting with her family must be long, or final. All that afternoon she occupied herself with minute detailed cares for the convenience of those she abandoned. At sunset, all her preparations were complete, and yet she had not even put up a little bundle or a change of clothing for herself. And then, knowing that her grandmother was at her evening devotions, and her father was taking his evening ride of supervision over his plantation—the next religious feeling to filial piety, love and reverence for her native home and scenes, found expression in the last long, impassioned, venerating gaze she fixed upon the sun going down behind the magnificent trees, and striking long lines of golden light between their massive dark trunks across the lawn. Her tears again fell like rain. She had shed so many tears! Were their fountains eternal, that they should fall again? Oh, Winny! child of love and prayer, was there no self-preserving power within thy soul, to save thee from the impending storm of sorrow, the shadow of whose approach has darkened all thy spirit? Where are thy angels, Winny? that they do not snatch thee away? Where is thy mother, child, that she does not interpose to save? Is *she*—is *love* less powerful in Heaven than on earth? Ah! no—it is only *wiser* and more *patient*. Her far-piercing eye soaring up the heights of time, sees through all thy present weakness and coming sorrow, the steps to thy future glorious strength and gladness.

At early candle-light the family, four in number now, the squire, the old lady, and the two girls, assembled around the tea-table. Winny could not talk, could not eat, and she was too guileless to be able to affect an ease and cheerfulness far from her heart.

"My dear baby! what ails you?" asked her grandmother, looking mildly at her.

Winny did not reply, it took all her strength to suppress her tears.

"Oh!" said the squire, who was not celebrated for penetration, "oh! the thoughts of to-morrow's pleasure has taken the child's appetite away! You know that she has been invited to a breakfast and shooting party to be held at the seat of Colonel Dangerfield, and she is to set out to-morrow morning at day-break."

"At day-break! It is too early for her, poor thing; to ride without her breakfast, too; and how is she going, and who is going with her?"

"She will ride Sea Foam and old Kill will attend her."

"And no female companion?"

"Miss Sina has not been invited."

"No," said Sina, "Colonel Dangerfield is more of an aristocrat than a gentleman—he has overlooked a salaried companion. But no matter," added she, mentally, "though this omission suits me very well *now*, I shall nevertheless remember it against you and repay it with *interest*, Colonel Lee Dangerfield. I do not suffer the world to remain long in my debt!"

The party arose from the table. It was the custom of the regular household to retire early, and soon after they were about to separate for the night.

"Good-night, Winny, love!" said the squire, folding his child to his bosom. "Good-night, darling. I shan't be up early enough to see you off, but take care of yourself, my dear baby, and come home early in the evening, do you hear?"

Winny was fearfully pale. Happily in the dim taper's light he did not see it.

"Will you not *bless* me, my father?" she asked, in a tremulous voice.

"To be sure I will, my love! my angel-child!" said the father, with a deep-toned tenderness and swimming eyes—for something in her manner—or, was it a vague presentiment of his own, touched and melted his parent-heart? "To be sure I will, my love! my angel-child! God bless thee, Winny! God in the might of His power and the richness of His love, bless thee! bless thee! my love child, *even as thou shalt bless thy father!*"

A wild, half-smothered scream sprang from Winny's surcharged heart—her overwrought nerves failed, and she fell half fainting upon her father's arm. All was dismay. All hurried to the drooping girl.

"Give her to me! give her to me!" suddenly, spasmodically exclaimed Sina Hinton, catching the form of Winny with an air of authority, and bearing her off to her room.

"What is the meaning of all that?" exclaimed the terrified and bewildered squire.

"Sina knows, Sina knows; it is hysterical only; gentlemen do not know anything. Sina knows—there is no occasion for the least alarm; I am going to her now," said the old lady, in order to reassure her son, and then she slowly tottered out of the room and up the stairs. In a very few minutes she came down again, smiling with pleasure and benevolence, and saying,

"There, dear, I knew that it was all nothing; Miss Hinton, to save me fatigue, met me at the head of the stairs, and told me that it was—now the merest trifle you can conceive of—a *needle* the poor, dear, careless baby had stuck in the bosom of her dress, and when you pressed her, the point ran into her shoulder, and the sudden sting and fright made the poor, nervous child scream, and almost faint. Miss Hinton says that she is now smiling at the affair, and that she will be in my room as usual to-night."

"Humph! I wish Winny wouldn't stick needles in her bosom and daggers in mine at the same time! Tell her so!" grumbled and laughed the squire, as he rolled his portly figure off to his room.

Madam Winifred went to her own chamber, where her old servant already waited to assist her at her night toilet. Soon Winny came in, as was her invariable custom. The room was scarcely lighted by a very dim night taper, and the old lady could not see how dreadfully pale and haggard her child was.

"Dear grandmother, send Nerve away, and let me wait on you to-night—will you not?"

"*You*, my dear baby! No, you are not strong enough after your fright."

"Dear grandmother, I am. *Do* gratify me in this, will you not?"

Though she could not see her face, there was something so deep, so mournful in the low tones of her voice, that Madam Winifred at once dismissed her attendant, and suffered the child to have her way.

The old lady sat in a low-backed, easy chair, while Winny removed her cap, and laying it carefully away, stood behind her, and began to comb out her long, soft, waving, half-curling silver hair, with its few stray tresses of still beautiful auburn. Even Winny remembered when that fine fall of hair was of a richer golden hue than her own bright locks. Yet Winny still admired the rolling torrent of silver hair, and said that it was *still* beautiful—*still* radiant and *brightening for Heaven!* But now, to-night, it seemed to her only white, pale, and *fading for the grave!* She rolled it up with reverent hands, and concealed it all under the clean white linen cap, around which she bound a black silk fillet. Then she tenderly unpinned and removed each article of the old lady's dress, carefully laying it away. At last, when her grandmother was in bed, Winny knelt down by the bedside, and took her hand to kiss. A superstitious awe—a feeling of dire fatality overpowered her, and she did not dare to ask her blessing. The old lady put out her other thin and wasted hand, and stroking her "baby's" fair, soft hair, she said,

"Winny, my precious child, you are not cheerful. What ails you, my own darling? What *should* trouble your young life—what *does*? Tell me, Winny! Darling of my *old* age, tell me!"

"Alas! alas! grandmother," exclaimed Winny, dropping her head upon the coverlet and weeping bitterly.

"Oh, it *is* something!—it *is* not, as I had almost hoped, a mere notion of mine! It *is* something—Winny! my dear, dear child, nothing troubles you that will not trouble me more! Lay your little griefs upon my bosom, my bright haired darling, or if they are indeed serious sorrows, *repose* them here, Winny—or even—were that possible—if you have committed a *fault*—relieve yourself—lay it *here*, Winny, without distrust—without fear—for you will find nothing but mercy and love here, my heart's own dear child!"

But Winny sobbed as if *her* heart would break.

"Will you not tell me, my own child?"

"Not to-night!—oh, not to-night!—to-morrow, perhaps, if—if I—if I re—" but Winny's voice was lost in choking sobs.

"Well, then, not to-night, my baby—I will not distress you now." And the old lady stopped talking, and with a delicate and tender sympathy, only stroked her golden hair, or silently pressed her little hands, and looked lovingly upon her while she sobbed herself into a sort of quiet—kneeling by the bedside with her head upon the coverlet.

The old lady partly guessed the cause of her sorrow—but not the *whole* cause. She suspected her *love* for Edgar Ardenne, but dreamed of nothing *beyond!*

At last Winny, not wishing to keep her grandmother longer from her rest, and resolving to come in and take a farewell look at her while sleeping, arose, and kissing the old lady's wrinkled brow, murmured—

"Good-night, grandmother—I am better now—good-night, sweet grandmother!" and was stealing away from the bedside when the feeble tones of the old lady recalled her.

"Come back, my child! my angel-child!—I cannot somehow part with you so, to-night! Come back!"

Winny returned, and kneeled again at the bedside, looking like some beautiful, fragile penitent, with her fair locks flowing down over her white dress—her wan face and blue eyes turned wistfully, pleadingly up to the face of her aged parent.

The aged woman stretched forth her withered arms, and laid her venerable hands in benediction upon that young, fair head. Why did the fragile form shudder through every limb at the touch, as though it feared a malediction? No word could come from those aged and saintly lips that could be tortured into anathema. No! As the old woman laid her reverend palms upon the young and sin-bowed head, she looked upon it with such a world—such a *Heaven* of forgiveness, of mercy, of love, and of blessing!—and she murmured, solemnly—

"May the Father of All Mercy—Our Heavenly Father—*bless* thee, my child! May He forgive all thy sins!—strengthen all thy weaknesses—sanctify all thy sorrows, and turn all thy evils into good! May the Father of Love, in the richness and fullness of His love, bless thee forever and ever! oh, our child! And even as a Divine Being *can* bless infinitely more than a human being can—so may the Almighty and All-merciful bless thee *infinitely* more than thou hast blessed and shalt bless us—oh, our angel-child!"

How beautiful!—how radiant!—how divine! looked that aged face, with the soul of love and mercy glowing through it.

"Oh, lovely!—oh, benign!—oh, heavenly lips, my mother!—oh, undefiled!—celestial lips!—that spoke that priceless blessing!—that blessing without alloy, that my soul thirsted for, even unto death! Oh! seraph-spirit! love-spirit! before you take flight for your native Heaven, you will know how inestimable!—how priceless that blessing is to me!" exclaimed Winny, beside herself with over-wrought excitement, as she passionately embraced her aged parent, covering her hands with hot tears and kisses.

"Calm thee, my child—calm thee, Winny—there—there—you are hysterical—go seek your pillow, my love—go, Winny—God love thee! there—go."

And folding the child down tenderly to her bosom—kissing her closely on the lips, she dismissed her to her chamber.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ "There is a time for all things," said a crusty old fellow to his wife. "I'll believe that," answered his wife, "when you pay for your newspaper."

Selected Articles.

INNOCENCE AND CRIME.

FROM DICKENS'S "HOUSEHOLD WORDS."

A benevolent old gentleman—the late Mr. Harcourt Brown, of Beech Hall—was plodding his way home to his hotel from a ramble in the suburbs of London; and having made a bold attempt at "a short cut," soon found himself lost in a maze of squalid streets, leading one into the other, and apparently leading nowhere else. He inquired his way in vain. From the first person, he received a coarse jest; from another, a look of vacant stupidity; a third eyed him in dogged silence. He stepped with one foot into several wretched little shops; but the people really seemed to know nothing beyond the next street or alley, except one man, a dealer in tripe, of a strange, earthy color, who called over his shoulder, "Oh, you're miles out o' your way!" The only exception to the general indifference, rudeness and stupidity, was a thin, sallow cheeked man, who had a fixed smile on his face, and spoke in rather an abject, cringing tone of obsequiousness, and even walked up one street and down a second to show Mr. Brown the way. But it soon became evident that he knew nothing about the matter, and he slunk away with the same fixed unmeaning smile.

In this state of affairs Mr. Brown buttoned up his coat, and manfully resolved to work his way out of this filthy locality by walking straight forward.

Trudging onward at a smart pace, the worthy gentleman presently heard the sound of sobbing and crying, and behind the boards of a shed at the side of a ruined hovel he saw a girl of some nine or ten years of age, clasping and unclasping her hands in a paroxysm of grief and apprehension. "Oh, what *shall* I do?—what *shall* I do?" sobbed the child.

She started with terror as Mr. Brown approached, and hid her head in the folds of her little apron; but upon being assured by the mild voice of Mr. Brown that he had no thought of hurting her, she ventured to look up. She had soft blue eyes, flaxen hair of silvery glossiness, pretty features; and, notwithstanding the stain of tears down a cheek which had a smear of brickdust upon it, had a most innocent and prepossessing face.

"What is the matter, my little girl?" inquired Mr. Brown.

The child turned one shoulder half round, and displayed the red and purple marks of blows from a whip or stick.

"What cruel wretch has done this?" asked Mr. Brown. "Tell me, child; tell me directly."

"It was mother," sobbed the child.

"Ah—I'm sorry to hear this. Perhaps you have been naughty?"

"Yes, sir," answered the child.

"Poor child," ejaculated Mr. Brown; "but you will not be naughty again. What was your offence. Come, tell me!"

"I shook it, sir; oh, yes, it's quite true; I did shake it very much."

"What did you shake?" inquired Mr. Brown.

"I shook the doll, sir."

"The doll! Oh, you mean you shook the baby; that, certainly, was naughty of you," said Mr. Brown.

"No, sir; it was not the baby I shook—it was the doll; and I'm afraid to go home—mother will be sure to beat me again."

An impulse of benevolence led Mr. Brown's hand to search for his purse. Had he tried the wrong pocket? His purse was on the other side. No, it was not—it must be in this inner pocket. Where *is* Mr. Brown's purse? It is not in any of his pockets! He tries them all over again. And his pocket-book!—chiefly of memorandums, but also having a few bank-notes. This is gone, too—and his silk handkerchief—both his handkerchiefs!—also his silver-gilt snuff box, filled with rappee only five minutes before he left the hotel this morning—he is certain he had it when he came out—but it is certainly gone! Every single thing he had in his pocket is gone.

The child also—now *she* is gone! Mr. Brown looks around him, and yonder he sees the poor child flying with frequent looks behind of terror,—and now a shrill and frightful voice causes him to start. Turning in that direction, the sudden flight of the little girl is immediately explained. Over the rubbish and refuse, at a swift, wild pace, courses a fiendish woman, with a savage eye and open mouth, her cheeks hollow, her teeth projecting, her thin hair flying like a bit of diseased mane over her half naked shoulder; she has a stick in her hand, with which she constantly threatens the flying child, whom her execrations follow yet more swiftly than her feet.

Mr. Brown remained watching them till they were out of sight. He once more searched all his pockets, but they were all empty. He called to mind the man with the fixed smile on his hollow cadaverous cheek, and several other faces of men whom he had casually noticed in the course of the last half hour, thinking what a pity it was that something could not be done for them. He now began to think it was a very great pity that something had not *already* been done for them or with them, for they had certainly "done" him. Poor Mr. Brown!

Some six or seven months after this most disagreeable adventure, it chanced that Mr. Brown was going over the prison at Coldbath Fields, accompanied by the Governor. As they entered one of the wards, the voice of a child sobbing attracted the ears of our philanthropist. In answer to his inquiries, the Governor informed him that it was a child of about eleven years of age, who had been detected in the act of picking a lady's pocket in one of the most crowded thoroughfares.

On a few kind words being spoken to her, she looked up; and in the blue eye, glossy flaxen hair, and pretty features, Mr. Brown at once recognised the little girl who had "shaken the doll."

"This child is an innocent creature!" cried he, turning to the Governor, "the victim of ignorance and cruel treatment at home. I recollect her well. Her mother had beaten her most shamefully; and the last glimpse I had of her was in her flight from a still more savage assault. And for what crime do you suppose?"

"For not picking pockets expertly, I dare say?" replied the Governor.

"Nothing of the sort!" exclaimed Mr. Brown. "Would you believe it, sir; it was for nothing more than a childish bit of pretence-anger with her doll, on which occasion she gave the doll a good shaking. Mere pretence, you know."

"My dear sir," said the Governor, smiling, "I fancy I am right, after all. She was beaten for not being expert in the study and practice of pocket picking at home. You are not, perhaps, aware that the lesson consists in picking the pockets of a figure which is hung up in the room, in such a way that the least awkwardness of touch makes it shake, and rings a little bell attached to it. This figure is called the 'doll.' Those who ring the bell shake it in emptying its pockets, and are punished according to the mind and temper of the instructor."

"Good heavens!" ejaculated Mr. Brown, "to what perfection must the art be brought! Then it is all accounted for. The sallow gentleman with the fixed smile must have been master of the craft of not shaking the doll, when he took my purse, pocket-book, snuff box, and both handkerchiefs from me, without my feeling so much as the motion of the air!"

About Heads.—A young fellow, having got the "mitten" from a girl whose hair was of a reddish or sandy cast, thought to have revenge by saying,

"If my hair was as red as yours, I would put my head in a dye-tub to color the *outside*."

"And if mine," retorted the girl, "were as soft as yours, I would put it in an oven to harden the *inside*."

Original Lectures.

REV. DR. BAIRD'S

HISTORICAL LECTURES ON EUROPE.

IRELAND, SCOTLAND, ETC.

PHONOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

LECTURE XVII.

I do not know anything which would give greater pleasure to an American in London than to attend the sessions of Parliament there. There is a little difficulty experienced in getting in, and keeping a place after you are in, for very often you are obliged to give up a seat. There is one sovereign remedy, however, for difficulties of that kind; if you are willing to spend about five shillings every day as a present to the door-keeper, you may be able, generally, to effect an easy entrance, and to keep your seat during the movements of the crowd. A half-crown is the favorite coin of door-keepers and similar functionaries in England—and one which they are always willing to look at. An American will enjoy himself exceedingly in the House of Lords, in seeing and hearing the great speakers. When all the members are present, I think there must be about one thousand men in the House of Commons and the House of Lords together. I have heard the ablest speakers of England, and have heard them with a great deal of interest, but I think I never listened to such men in the English Parliament as I have heard in our Congress about fifteen years ago. I never listened to a better speaker in the House of Lords than Henry Clay, in his best days, and I never heard such an orator there, as a lawyer, as Daniel Webster; our Congress has contained some excellent orators. Mr. Preston, of South Carolina, for instance, was one of the most beautiful speakers who ever spoke in my hearing, and so was Mr. Southard, of New Jersey, and Mr. Frelinghuysen, of the same state. I do not mention those men for their politics; indeed, I do not recollect at present of what politics they are, but they are all Americans. There are many promising young speakers in our present Congress, but it would be invidious to mention their names.

As to English legislation they have yet got to improve a great deal; they have got to do more for Ireland. As to the independence of Ireland, as I have said before, I do not think there is the east prospect of that country being able to throw off the yoke of England, and I have little respect for those Americans who sustain the Irish in such an effort. Ireland is so near to England, with only eight millions of people, and but two millions of Protestants, that she would never succeed in such an undertaking, for in a week the English could garrison half their country with troops. If there were eight millions of Frenchmen, they might be able to throw off the English yoke, but the circumstances of the two nations are entirely different. In France, there is half a million of Government troops, but besides those, she has five or six millions of National Guards, who would require only six weeks training to become first-rate soldiers; all over France, you may find men who are called old soldiers—not because they are old men—but from the fact that they have served in the regular army seven years, and then retired to private life. Those National Guards are the men who come forward in France upon all occasions to head the revolutions, and they are the most capable of men to conduct them. But Ireland has none of that; she has no National Guards; most of her people are entirely unacquainted with military affairs. The masses of the population never handled a gun to any great extent; and even if they knew how, they have no arms.—England is so near to her that she could send in troops at any moment, and at the present time you may go from London to Dublin in twenty-four hours very easily. Last year, when the Irish attempted a Revolution, England very soon sent there forty or fifty thousand troops, and the poor Irish could not budge. With three months' time to organize, and good officers to lead them, the Irish might gain their independence, but that is the very thing which England will not allow them. In their late struggle, the Irish could not get arms, and they went to work making pikes; but what are pikes in such days as these, unless you come to close quarters? and you may be sure that the English did not allow fighting at close quarters.

Under all these circumstances, therefore, I think it is the most absurd thing in the world to attempt to bring Ireland from her present position by means of a revolution. People in this country, who have not studied the case, wonder why the Irish do not throw off the English yoke. The matter, however, cannot be settled in that way; I have great hopes that the English will become so enlightened after a time that they will give the Irish such privileges as will make the latter content to remain a part of the British Empire. At present, however, the English do not know how to treat poor people, as is shown not only in their behaviour to the Irish, but in their conduct towards their own poor. I do not want any Englishman to talk to me about American slavery—although I abhor slavery as much as any person—while their masses remain in their present degraded state. They never think of such a thing as lending a help to raise their poor or their servants, above ignorance; in England, rich men never think of helping poor men on the principle of association; poor men are never furnished with the means to commence their little business, by their rich neighbors or masters, as we frequently see done in this country. It is really painful to contemplate the situation of the masses of people in England, for they seem doomed to remain where they are for a long time.

In relation to Ireland, you may see what views the English have of certain matters there. The London Corporation has lately bought large tracts of land in Ireland, because the landholders there are wishing to sell out; now what are the Londoners going to do with those lands? They intend to hold them for the Government, and rent them out to the Irish peasantry; one might think that England would divide those tracts into small farms, and sell them to the poor people of Ireland, giving them a year or two in which to pay for the same. In that way, the poor Irish might become landholders, and take a greater interest in the Government: but the English and the rich landholders of Ireland, of which latter there are a great number—refuse to do that, preferring to hold their lands, at a rent from common tenants. Still, I think there will be a progress in the minds of the people of England, by which the Government of the latter country will be induced to grant to the Irish rights and privileges which will attach them to the soil, and make them loyal subjects of the British Empire.

Now, in a few closing remarks, I wish to call your attention to the state of Europe in general. I have spoken to you, during this course, of its countries separately, but only in very general remarks. I have not pretended to give you what may be called lectures, but rather merely conversations, which may be of use to you in your future historical reading.

In considering the nations of Europe, there are many persons who look only upon the dark side of the picture, but I have got tired of that plan long ago, and am of opinion that there is always enough to be seen upon the bright side. The interests of Europe have advanced wonderfully of late years; for instance, who can think of the vast increase of good roads upon the Continent without being affected by its importance; even the remote and almost barbarian countries of Turkey and Russia have awakened to the importance of the matter, and good roads have become numerous throughout their dominions.

The vast increase of steamboats is another important point for Europe. At the beginning of the present century, she had not one, and now I suppose there are three or four thousand—or there may be twice as many. In England they are exceedingly numerous, and they have increased in number in the North, especially around the coasts of Norway and Sweden. When I was in those countries fourteen years ago, the steamboats were very few, but in the ten years following, the number was trebled, or increased even greater than that.

Then just look at the increase of railroads, in England alone, or in France. In Germany, fifteen years ago, there was but one railroad, and that quite an insignificant affair; now they are numerous. The first railroad upon the Continent was constructed in Belgium, and they have increased there, from the fact that the face of the country is well suited to such works. In England there are a vast number, and also in Germany. They have now spread over every country in Europe, I believe, with the exception of Sweden and Norway, in the North, where they are going to build, and Greece and Turkey, in the South, where they will probably be commenced before long. Even Russia is building a railroad, but Portugal, I think, has not yet obtained one.

Examine the progress of establishments for the relief of suffering humanity in Europe. Prison discipline has wonderfully changed within the last century, and in institutions for the deaf and dumb, and blind, and insane, there is a great progress going on all over Europe.—There has been a notable advance, too, in the reformation of laws; the Penal Codes of almost every European country, have been much changed within the last fifty years, and in such a manner as to secure a milder administration of justice.

One of the most important advances of Europe has been that of Government, and there have been many Constitutional Governments obtained by European nations. There is yet a great deal to be accomplished in that respect, but it is a great thing that so much has been done as there has. When we achieved our Independence, how many of the sixty-four Governments of Europe do you think were administered under Constitutional forms? Exactly England and Sweden, the Republics of Holland and Switzerland, the five Free Cities of Germany, and the little republican cities of San Marino and Andovra—eleven in all. In making the same calculation at the present day, we have to ask what countries of Europe are without Constitutional forms of Government? and they are easily counted. You have Russia, and Turkey, and four of the Italian States, making six, and as to the Empire of Austria, I do not know what to call it, as the Emperor has given them a Constitution, which, however, does not go into operation until next year; it is not likely to be much of a Constitution; so that if you include Austria, you have only seven in all.

Another important matter in the progress of European civilization, is that of the freedom of the press; in this there has been a great advance, but there is yet much to be done, especially in some countries of the Continent.

With respect to education, the progress has been immense, and there is a great deal more about to be done. The whole German race, and the Danes and Dutch, are becoming well educated. France, also, has now a School System for the first time; it was established by law in the year 1833. It requires much time to construct good School Systems, but the work has fairly begun in almost every part of Europe, and there is much being done; even in Russia, the subject has lately received attention, as I mentioned in my remarks upon that country. In Turkey, also, the Government talks about establishing a National School System; she talks of having twenty thousand teachers for them, but where these are to be procured, does not appear at present. Spain is making some advances in education, but in the papal countries they have not done much; great progress has been made, however, in other parts of Europe.

As to the character of the rulers of those nations, it is a great deal better than it used to be, generally. Still, I have not much faith in the piety of the monarchs of Europe, particularly among the men; some of them are men of unimpeachable character, but many of them are bad enough. Nevertheless, taking them altogether, the monarchs of Europe are much better than they used to be, as a class. With respect to the Queens of those countries, of whom you will find about fourteen or fifteen now reigning, I do not think that you will find one whose character can be spoken against, with justice; there is certainly not more than one, if there is that.—There was quite a different state of things in Europe in past times, and even within the present century; but the progress of sound morality among the higher classes of the people has effected a great change in that respect; I do not believe the nobles of any nation are as bad as they were fifty years ago. They are much improved in Russia, although they are still bad enough there; the advance of civilization in that country, which is now in operation, will place them among the most enlightened inhabitants of Europe, I suppose, in course of time.

I think it is important, also, to look at the progress which has been made in manufactures and commerce throughout Europe; people generally have much better ideas of them than were prevalent some years ago, and nations are beginning to see that their interests coincide more than was formerly supposed.

There has certainly been an advance in religion also; there is much more religion in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, than there was at the beginning of this century, and there is more in all the Protestant countries of Europe. That is a subject which I have had occasion to study to some extent, and I think I could demonstrate that it has made great progress.—What a vast deal has been done to circulate the Scriptures in Europe! Much has been done by the Bible Societies and other Christian associations of this country, and they will do much more before the end of the present century.—There has been an increase of right views as regards religion, among the Europeans; a few years ago, the people spoke openly of infidelity and atheism; but now that has all gone away.

I am sure that general matters are advancing in Europe. I cannot tell you what is going to take place there, but I can guess, at least, that things will not remain long as they are; neither will they go back, but they will go forward.—There will probably be difficulty among the nations, and there will be great changes before long. There is too great a progress among the people to allow despotism to govern any part of Europe, for any length of time; it may continue for some years in Russia and Turkey, but even there it will give way to the force of public sentiment, before this century is out, at least.

This concludes my course of lectures, and I have to thank my audience for the respect and attention with which they have heard me.

Clippings.

JENNY LIND.

Not sweeter sang the Birds in Eden,
Than this fair Nightingale of Sweden.
The only diff'rence 'twixt the two, lies here—
Their notes were gratis, hers are very dear.

☞ The Detroit Advertiser says that Paine's discovery has triumphantly succeeded. He was to furnish a method to make light for all the people, and all the people are *making light of it.*

☞ A foreign paper states that lately a deputation waited on Sir Moses Montefiore, to ask his assistance in their efforts to build a church. "You know my religious opinions," replied the excellent Jew, "I cannot give you money to build a church—there are five hundred guineas for you to do what you like with."

☞ Coral bracelets are in fashion in Paris.—Some ladies wear bracelets of green or black velvet ribbon, fastened by a clasp. Some ladies wear coral and velvet bracelets on the same arm.

☞ Tom Toper was asked what he thought of the effects of hot drinks on the system.

"Hot drinks, sir," said Mr. Toper, "are bad—decidedly bad. Tea and coffee, sir, are hurtful. And *even hot punch—when very hot—I suppose is injurious!"*

☞ An old lady was summoned as a witness in an important case. Having lived in the back woods all her days, she was wholly unacquainted with the rules of a court of justice. Being told that she must "swear," the poor woman was filled with horror at the thought. After much persuasion she yielded, and being told to "hold up her right hand," she did so, exclaiming,—"Well, if I must, I must—Dam!" The court immediately adjourned.

☞ Paine, the water-gas maker, announces that he has discovered something in his invention of far more importance than its application to light and heat. In the meantime, he might let us have a little light; then might come the heat, and, after that, we should be prepared for the something else.

Sweet Kate was heard one day to sigh,
"With beauty lost, I'd wish to die."
"Oh, no," said Tom, with humor quaint,
"Not wish to *dye*, but merely *paint*."

☞ A school-mistress advertised lately for an assistant accustomed to *confinement.* She received an answer from the mother of twelve children.

☞ English critics say that the black singer, Senora Martinez, is not to be classed with the highest range of vocalists, and that "the American company of Ethiopian singers would be that in which Donna Maria Martinez would best appear."

☞ The Mexican papers are all very unanimous in denouncing the Tehuantepec Treaty.—They look upon it as giving too strong a foothold to the Americans over the Southern frontier.

☞ California and China are, it is said, to be soon put in closer connection by a line of steamers, to run direct between San Francisco and Canton.

☞ A man came into Cincinnati lately to obtain a license to be married, and when the clerk was ready to issue, he could not for the life of him tell the name of the lady he had chosen and wished to wed. He returned to ascertain the interesting particular.

☞ From the record it appears that from 1804 to 1841, the sea at Cape Island, has gained on the land, 334 feet; or 13 feet 2 inches per year, on an average.

☞ General Lamoriciere has gone to Switzerland to have an interview with General Cavaignac. He is said to be the bearer of an important document, signed by many of the principal members of the Republican party, acknowledging General Cavaignac as their political leader, and pledging him their support should he offer himself for the Presidency of the Republic.

☞ Brigham Young and two other Mormon saints in calling upon the faithful to come up to the Great Salt Lake city, close with the following appeal:—

"Push the Saints to Zion, and persuade all good brethren to come, who have a wheelbarrow, and faith enough to roll it over the mountains."

☞ The Parisians have lately been diverted by the costume of some Americans, who have thought fit to appear in hats of the brightest colors.

SATURDAY
EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:
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AGENCIES.

We have discontinued our business relations with E. Morris & Co., of Mississippi,—they will therefore no longer act as agents of the Post.

Mr. P. E. Bates Botham will confer a favor by informing us where a letter will reach him.

AN APOLOGY.

We must apologize to a number of our contemporaries for not taking any notice of their recent offers "to exchange," &c. The marked papers were selected from the mass of others, by an assistant, but laid aside where we did not notice them. We trust such an oversight will not occur again.

SHANNONDALE.

We think our readers will be particularly pleased with this week's number of Mrs. Southworth's novelet. The first portion of it is as powerfully, as the latter is beautifully written. Sina's interview with the Priest, her remorseless but artful overbearing of the conscience of the erring Winny, and the latter's parting with her father and old grandmother, are drawn with a vivid and glowing pen.

We shall print an extra number of all the first chapters of this story, in order to supply new subscribers. We anticipate a great demand for it.

QUAKER HABITS.

A striking instance of the absence of poverty in a large class of society is found in the case of the Quakers, or community of Friends. With some peculiarities in speech and dress, not worth while to heed, this numerous body of individuals act upon a fixed uniform principle of suppressing the passions. They curb the appetites and headlong impulses of human nature. In this may be said to lie the substance of sound morals. The Quakers, therefore, habitually practice what other classes only theorize upon, at least are seldom performing. The consequence of this guardedness in thought and action is, that although there are many thousands of Quakers in Great Britain, and many thousands in the United States of America, neither in the one country nor the other do we ever find a Quaker begging in the streets, or an intoxicated Quaker, or any one of this class of subjects and citizens at the bar of a Criminal Court! The Quakers are, like other people, engaged in the common affairs of the world; they are merchants, mechanics, artificers, mariners, and otherwise employed in the ordinary business of life. They are subject to the same temptations and perversions that we are; yet, by the exercise of a singular degree of prudence, they avoid them. Here, then, is a clear demonstration, that even without the aid of civil power, but by the mere force of moral influence, there is a class of men, in the midst of society, who do escape the disgrace of poverty, and who are free from vice and crime.

The Quakers thus appear to be a standing argument against the Fourierites and other *Associationists*, who say that the cause of pauperism and vice is to be found in the present arrangements of society alone, and not in the folly and wickedness of individuals. We are not of those who believe our present social arrangements entirely perfect, but the longer we live, the more we are inclined to think that imprudence and folly, of various kinds, act a very great part in preventing men from rising above the dreary levels of poverty and pauperism. It is a part of the Quaker creed to be economical - the Quaker who can earn five hundred dollars a year, will generally save one hundred. And if a man can succeed in saving one thousand dollars—accumulating it by the tens and hundreds—his fortune is made. He has acquired habits which will almost ensure him a competency against old age.

There is a general soundness of judgment, in relation to the affairs of this world, among the Quakers, which one cannot but admire. Nearly all of them manage to accumulate a competency, while few are *very* wealthy. The reason of this is, that they steadily avoid all speculations;—trusting entirely to Cause and Effect, which Emerson has finely termed, "the Chancellors of God." They also are in the habit of retiring from active business when they have acquired a reasonable amount of property.

The integrity of the Quakers is proverbial. For instance, when it was announced that the English "*Friends*" had appointed a Committee to attend to the distribution of such funds as should be furnished them, among the poor of Ireland, every one knew that the money which was sent over would be applied to the purpose for which it was designed—that no portion would stick to the hands through which it passed. They also knew that the fund would be applied judiciously, and in aid of those who were really suffering.

The Quakers are sometimes accused of meanness, and of overreaching by a sly and indirect process. Doubtless this is true of some of the brotherhood—not even the Quakers are without their black sheep. But as to meanness—they are always among the first, in Philadelphia, to contribute to charitable objects; and the lists of members of our benevolent societies, will show a large proportion of the followers of George Fox.

As an instance of the kind of overreaching alluded to, we may be allowed to introduce the following anecdote, told us by our friend Godey, of the Lady's Book.

Being in market one day, he stopped to inquire of a farmer, wearing the garb of a "Friend," the price of a pair of fowls—proceeding to ask if they were *young*. "And is it possible," answered the Quaker, "that thee has lived to thy age, and cannot tell a young pair of chickens!" Godey being, like publishers in general, a *modest* man, was quite abashed at this reply, and construing the answer as an affirmative one, immediately purchased the *chickens*. The next day, however, at dinner, he found he had acted too hastily—for his fowls were as tough as those which are proverbially said to have "come over with Noah in the Ark."

Other instances of Quaker keenness of this kind, have come to our knowledge; but these are exceptions to the general rule. No class of the community are, on the whole, more strictly honest than the "Friends," and with none would we sooner have business relations. Prejudice and ignorance may occasionally take pleasure in maligning them; but those who know them best, will always be ready to give them credit for an uprightness of conduct, and a benevolence and kindness of heart, unsurpassed in the world.

LIBERIA.

We are pleased to hear that this new Republic is in a flourishing condition. The Gallinas Territory having been finally acquired, the jurisdiction of the Liberian Government now extends over an unbroken line of coast from the Bar to Cape Palmas, so that the possibility of reviving the slave trade on any part within these limits is extinguished. The purchase of the Gallinas Territory was effected by private subscriptions from persons in England and America—Mr. Samuel Gurney alone having contributed five thousand dollars.

ELECTRO MAGNETISM.

Prof. Page estimates that twenty cents per day will be the cost of a horse-power—that is, provided the principle can be made to work for so long a period as twenty-four hours uninterruptedly. He has succeeded in operating a machine of four-horse power three hours, but is as yet dubious of the continued power of the battery, which is liable to attain its maximum at about this period, and then decrease it in a similar ratio.

THE DAILY PRESS.

We have been much amused at the course of the Philadelphia daily press—*independent* and all—in relation to the late riots and murders. They agree in declaring that the present condition of things is very terrible, and that something ought to be done—some suggesting that the police be strengthened, and others that patrols be organized; but not one—so far as we have seen—has had the manliness to come out openly, and advocate the only two measures which can secure permanent peace and order—The substitution of a Paid for the present Volunteer Fire Department; and the Consolidation of the City and Districts. One paper, the "Ledger," has had the courage to admit various articles from "correspondents" upon the latter subject—one of whom puts a great deal of substance in a a few words, as follows:

> And why can we not have a union of the City and Districts under one government? Because the politicians in the Legislature are opposed to it; and for no other reason than that they might be disturbed in their humble places, and that the County Board might be abolished, and the members of the Legislature would thereby lose the three dollars a day they receive for attending the meetings of that body. And so long as the People of the City and County of Philadelphia send trading politicians to the Legislature, just so long may they expect rowdyism, robbery, and murder to reign triumphant in their midst!
>
> The matter, therefore, rests with the Voters of the City and County of Philadelphia. If they desire order and security, they can have it by electing men to the State Legislature who will pass such laws as will secure it. On the other hand, if they desire the present deplorable state of affairs to continue; if they desire to see murder and robbery committed in open day in our public streets, and the hitherto good name of Philadelphia disgraced at home and scoffed at abroad, let them stick to "regular nominations," and vote in their party tickets for the Legislature by triumphant majorities!

Since writing the above, the "Ledger" has expressed itself in favor of Consolidation,—but the other daily papers, we believe, remain mum. What are the "North American" and "Inquirer" about. Can they not turn their eyes for a brief period from the state of affairs at Washington, to lend their powerful aid in righting matters at home?

THE SMALL NOTE LAW.

A telegraphic communication from Pittsburg, says:

> The law which prohibits the circulation, in this State, of notes of less denomination than five dollars, issued by Banks in other States, and which went into effect on Wednesday, is universally disregarded here. The small notes of other States are received and disbursed the same as before the passage of the law, by all classes of the community.

We think it the duty of every person to obey the law, but in some cases it is very difficult to do so. Silver is now very scarce,—either on account of its abstraction from the currency for mercantile purposes, or because the Banks are hoarding it,—we know not which. Besides, it seems such a mere difference between tweedledum and tweedle dee, to be at liberty to circulate the small Bank Notes of our own State, and not of New Jersey and Delaware, that we are afraid the line of demarcation is not sufficiently distinct to enable people to discriminate in practice between one class and the other.

Surely if there is a business abomination in the land, it is that the money of one State will not pass in another—the consequence being that men cannot use their money after they have earned it, without submitting to a shave at the Brokers. We would like to see a computation of the amount of money thus lost to the industrial and mercantile classes every year in this way.—Judging by the number of Brokers, it must be very great. And all this is so much *lost*, positively LOST, to the industry of the country. If our Legislature would find some way to remedy this, instead of attempting to force the people to shave even those notes of other States which they can pass, they would be doing some service to their constituents.

PORTUGAL.

We are pleased to learn that the project of going to war with Portugal, to coerce her into the settlement of the General Armstrong Claim, does not meet the views of the new Administration—if it ever was the serious intention of the last. We are somewhat disposed to think that nothing of the kind would have been suggested, if it had not been that an occasion was wanted to allow our Charge to Portugal an opportunity to distinguish himself.

The difficulty has been brought to an amicable adjustment at Washington, by the Portuguese Minister and the Secretary of State. Portugal has agreed to pay ninety thousand dollars to satisfy a number of old claims, while that of the General Armstrong privateer is to be submitted to such Arbitrator as the United States may choose. It is said that either the King of Sweden or Louis Napoleon, will be the party selected.

As a consequence of this arrangement, Mr. Clay, our present Charge, is to come home in disgust, and a new Minister must go out to Portugal, at the cost of a new outfit. So Uncle Sam's money goes—at the rate of about fifty millions a year. All parties helping to the extent of their power.

FUGITIVE SLAVE BILL.

On account of its somewhat novel features and as a matter which interests the country generally, we give on our third page, the Fugitive Slave Bill, recently passed by the Senate. It has yet to go before the House. It will be perceived that in case of the rescue of a slave, the United States Treasury is to pay his value—within a certain amount, not mentioned. This is then to be held as a debt against the State in which the rescue took place. How it is to be collected, however, does not appear. We think its practical result would be that Uncle Sam would have to pocket the loss. The vote in the Senate on this bill, was one of the curiosities of the present very curious session. The absentees from non-slaveholding States were BRADBURY, HALE, NORRIS, PHELPS, CLARK, DICKINSON, SEWARD, MILLER, EWING, CASS, FELCH, BRIGHT, WHITCOMB, DOUGLASS, and SHIELDS. Not a vote was given from New Hampshire, New York, Michigan, Indiana, or Illinois, and only five Northern States were fully represented. Senators STURGEON, of Pennsylvania, and JONES and DODGE, of Iowa, were the only Northern Senators voting affirmatively. The reason, probably, that Mr. Dickinson, of New York, did not vote was that he had paired off with Mr. Seward, who was absent from Washington.

TEXAS.

Advices from Texas speak of the meeting of the Legislature. The Governor's Message is decidedly fierce and warlike. Authority is asked to enable him to raise a military force *sufficient* (ay! there's the rub!) to occupy and take possession of Santa Fe, in spite of the General Government.

In rather singular contrast to the above, we also have accounts of Indian ravages in the Western part of Texas, which appear to set the Texan authorities at defiance. The "*Western Texan*" says:

> "It is evident that the whole of our Western frontier is infested with the savages. The whole country is being laid waste, and rapine and murder seem to be the order of the day. The farmers are forced to leave their crops, and they go to waste and ruin. Their stock is neglected, and is either killed or driven off. How long are these things to be permitted? *When will Congress afford us relief?*"

We think the people of the rest of the Union would wrong their Texan brethren by imagining that the whole of them are like their Governor. We believe that Gen. Houston is a much fairer representative of the people of Texas—so far as devotion to the Union, and opposition to civil war is concerned—than Governor Bell. The proceedings of the Legislature will, however, determine this point.

PARLIAMENTARY OATH.

The oath taken by a member of the British Parliament, binds him to bear faithful allegiance to the Queen, to defend to the utmost of his power the regular succession to the Crown, and abjures the opinion that the Pope of Rome has, or ought to have, any temporal or civil jurisdiction within the realm. The following also is found in the oath:

> I do swear, that I will defend to the utmost of my power, the settlement of property within this realm as established by the laws; and I do hereby disclaim, disavow, and solemnly abjure any intention to subvert the present Church establishment as settled by law within this realm.

It would appear from the latter clause of the above, that a person actively opposed to the connection of Church and State, could not become a member of Parliament.

IS IT TRUE?

The London "Herald" makes the following charge against the New York press, and the owners of steamers engaged in the transit of passengers to and from California. It says:

> "We have reason to know that the receipts of California gold into New York are very much exaggerated by the paid organs of the California emigration agents, and that the quantity is frequently doubled, and even trebled, by this unscrupulous class of harpies, in order to delude weak-minded people into emigration to California, they being the possessors of the means of conveyance thither. It will thus be seen that the inducement to exaggeration is considerable, and falsehoods of the most flagrant description are in consequence resorted to."

THE FORTUNE OF WAR.

An article in the Boston Transcript, in commenting upon the services of Captain Bragg, in the battle of Buena Vista, remarks as an evidence of the "fortune of war," that while that officer has been made famous throughout the land, his senior, Capt. Sherman, is no more known nor heard of than the most insignificant officer upon that ground; though he is as eminently deserving. It appears that Sherman, commanding the Flying Artillery, was at every point of danger throughout the day, hurrying from place to place wherever a regiment was to be covered, a battery silenced, or a position forced. In supporting Davis and Lane, he had his horse shot dead under him, and made the final stand with Davis and his rifles and the Indiana Regiment, till the most glorious episode of the battle, the repulse of the Lancers, was effected; for which achievement, "while Sherman is not heard of, Davis was more highly complimented by General Taylor than any other officer—made a Brigadier General by President Polk—and finally twice a Senator from his own State." And at last, says the Transcript, "at that most critical moment, when thousands of the enemy were pouring over the guns of the noble and gallant O'Brien, Sherman was ready with his battery, with Bragg's also, at the base of the hill in time to obey the order of Capt. Eaton, (Gen. Taylor's aid,) with his thrilling, *Come, come, or you will be too late!*"

The omission of Sherman's name in the official report, is considered by this writer as a great and important error, and one, too, that is most unaccountable. Col. Bragg himself, in a letter written to Major Sherman, says he can only imagine that as he, (Bragg,) with his guns, happened to be leading, he was fixed more markedly in General Taylor's mind, so much so, that in the hurry of making up his report, the presence of Captain Sherman at that decisive moment was forgotten.

The writer of the article, who is stated to be "an officer actually engaged at the battle of Buena Vista," concludes his communication with the declaration that not an officer, regular or volunteer, on that field, with any knowledge of the true state of affairs, but feels that Gen. Taylor's report should have included the name of Sherman, in every praise given to the gallant and daring but no more gallant and daring Capt. Bragg.

Taken altogether, this account is a singular illustration of the eccentric distribution of fortune's favors.

CONGRESS.

In the Senate, on Monday, a motion to fix a day for the adjournment of Congress, failed signally—only twelve members voting in favor of it.

The Fugitive Slave Bill passed final reading without a division.

A resolution authorising a subscription to a compilation by A. H. Parker, embracing statistics relative to the commerce of the East, brought up the whole subject of purchasing books. Mr. Benton declared his opposition to the practice, and went into a history of the purchase of books by Congress, from the first Congress to the present time. The resolution finally was postponed indefinitely.

In the House, a motion to suspend the rules to take up the Bill for the Reduction of Postage was lost. The Post Route Bill was finally passed by the House. The Civil and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill was then taken up in Committee of the Whole, and made some progress toward completion. In the course of the debate, Mr. Bayly entered into a brief comparison of the bill as amended, with that of 1845-6, to show that, deducting the nearly four millions and a quarter of new objects of expenditure, this bill is less by $88,860 than that of 1845-6, which was reported by Mr. McKay, and pronounced so very economical.

TALK WITH SUBSCRIBERS.

Our thanks are due this week, for an increase of our list over last year's number, to Kobletown, Virginia; Gallipolis and Chilicothe, Ohio; Ogdensburg, New York; Woodstock, Northampton and Hartford, Illinois; Charleston, Indiana; Eatontown, New Jersey; and Hockschersville and West Chester, Pennsylvania. Also, for entirely new lists of subscribers, to Prairie Bird and Chilicothe, Illinois; Punchaon, Kentucky; Larissa, Texas; and Port Perry, Pennsylvania.

Also, for two clubs of subscribers—one at Linn city, and the other at Oregon city, OREGON. A proof that some of the right kind of people to make a State, are settling in that flourishing Territory.

W. B. L., of Savannah, Georgia, sends us $5, for three years in advance from last February, which he says will make "*just twenty* years since he has been a paying subscriber."

Mr. Pease, of the Periodical Depot, in Cincinnati, writes us:

> "I am much obliged to you for the promptness with which your papers are mailed, inasmuch as I have received them (with perhaps one exception) on Saturday, for the last three months,—this has enabled me to sell them all, and I could have sold a great many more. When the "Post" fails on Saturday, I am really glad to see shutting up hour come, to get rid of the endless cry of "*Has the Post come?*" Sometimes I think our good people cannot go to church on Sunday morning, and listen to the admonitions of the Preacher with any kind of composure, without first reading the Post.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

BY AUGUSTINE DUGANNE.

The signs of God's high working Intellect
Are thick around us. Man hath stood erect
Of late, and spoken forth in thunder-tones
His words to those who sit on crimson thrones.
Man hath torn off their ermined robes from kings,
Trampled the viper Power, and dulled its stings.
He hath grappled at the throat of giant Wrong
And armed with *Will* the weak to curb the strong.
He hath spoken o'er all the earth; from Sweden's snows
A peasant's son his freedom-thoughts upthrows;
From Prussia's charging monarch hath been wrung
His country's charter!—from the Nile hath sprung
A modern Cyrus, who hath plucked the beard
Of the old tyrant Custom, high upreared
On Caucasus—alone in Freedom's War—
Still the Circassian mocks a vengeful Czar—
Hungaria crushed, burns still like smouldering fire,
And like the captive Samson, Ireland bides her ire.

A GOOD IDEA.

In the course of a recent article, our estimable neighbor of the "*Inquirer*," says:

> What we mean to say is, that a rich man, of a benevolent spirit, and anxious to try a laudable experiment, might select out a judicious spot, erect thereon thirty or forty dwellings suitable for the laboring classes and their families, rent them so as to afford a revenue of six per cent., and thus at once benefit the poor and receive a fair profit on the investment.

The above idea is one that has often occurred to us, in viewing the crowded courts and uncomfortable dwellings of our great city, and we have wondered that no rich Christian ever attempted to serve his Maker in such an acceptable way. Alas, we suppose that as a man's wealth increases, his capacities of enjoyment increase also, and he is never rich enough to do good out of his own immediate family. And yet he might get three or four per cent. from such an investment—and lay up the other three or two per cent. in a place "where moth or rust doth not corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal."

CALIFORNIA MAILS.

We remark much complaint in regard to the detention and delay of the mails to and from California. The letters which left San Francisco for the United States on the 15th of July, were kept waiting for the mail steamer Ohio, instead of being forwarded by the first safe conveyance. It is rather strange, we think, that Government cannot make provisions for forwarding our mails by the *earliest* means, whether *regular* mail steamers or not. If such an arrangement is not made, the express lines will take some of the carrying out of Government's hands; as our merchants and business men cannot risk their correspondence through such an uncertain medium as the present. Uncle Sam should remember that this is a "fast age" we live in.

THE NEW YORK ALDERMEN.

An official visit was paid, the other day, by a number of the Aldermen of New York, to Boston. On Saturday evening, about two o'clock a disorderly party were arrested in the streets, and after taking them to the lock-up, it was discovered that three of them were Aldermen of the city of New York.

Well, we have plenty of spreeing and rioting in Philadelphia, but we are pleased to say that our City Councils do not yet take part in it.—One of the Commissioners of Moyamensing, to be sure, made a speech, about a year ago, stigmatizing laws against fights and riots, as regulations calculated to make our young men "cowards;" but since then he has had a little *personal experience* upon the subject, which perhaps has led him to alter his opinion.

MR. McKENNAN.

At the time we go to press, the resignation of Mr. McKennan, of Pennsylvania, as Secretary of the Interior, is hourly expected. It is said that the state of his health is incompatible with a just performance of the duties of his office. This explanation, however, does not satisfy any body—probably there is a political disagreement of some kind. If Mr. McKennan does resign, Pennsylvania has other sons worthy to fill his place.

☞ The length of the counters for the display of the articles at the World's Fair in London will be about seven miles.

New Publications.

SERIALS.

Ranking's Half-Yearly Abstract of the Medical Sciences, has just been issued by Lindsay & Blakiston, who furnish the back numbers. It is a digest of the principal British and Continental Medical Works, published during the period from January to July, 1850.

Boston Shakspeare, No. 21. Illustrated with a frontispiece, "Princess Katherine of France," is received by T. B. Peterson, from Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston. It contains King Henry V.

The Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution, exhibits in every number an increase of beauty and interest. It cannot fail to be a popular work. It is published by the Harpers, and for sale in Philadelphia by Lindsay & Blakiston.

Easy Lessons in Landscape, part 3, by F. N. Otis, has been issued by the Appletons, containing 16 studies for beginners in the art of drawing, well designed, and calculated to interest the learner.

Shakspeare's Dramatic Works (Boston edition). With a portrait of *Joan of Arc*, has been issued by Phillips, Sampson & Co., and is for sale in this city by T. B. Peterson. It is No. 22, and contains *King Henry VI.*

The Monthly International, for September, is out, containing five selections, and original intelligence of a literary and general character. D. Robison is agent for it in Philadelphia.

LATTER-DAY PAMPHLETS. Edited by Thomas Carlyle. For sale by Getz & Buck, and T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

The eighth and, we believe, concluding number of the "Latter-Day Pamphlets" treats of JESUITISM—of which Mr. Carlyle has no very flattering opinion. Speaking of its founder, he says:

> "Of Ignatius, then, I must take leave to say, there can this be recorded, that probably he has done more mischief in the Earth than any man born since. A scandalous mortal, oh, brethren of mankind who live by truth and not by falsity, I must call this man. Altogether,—here where I stand, looking on millions of poor pious brethren reduced to spiritual mummy-hood, who curse me because I try to speak the truth to them, and on a whole world canting and grimacing from birth to death, and finding in their life two serious indubitabilities, Cookery and Scrip,—how, if he is the representative and chief fountain of all this, can I call him other than the superlative of scandals? A bad man, I think; not good by nature; and by destiny swollen into a very Ahriman of badness. Not good by nature, I perceive. A man born greedy; whose greatness in the beginning, and even in the end if he will look well, is indicated chiefly by the depth of his appetite: not the recommendable kind of man! A man full of prurient elements from the first; which at the last, through his long course, have developed themselves over the family of mankind into an expression altogether tremendous."

SPECTACLES;—THEIR USES AND ABUSES, in long and short-sightedness; and the pathological conditions resulting from their irrational employment. By J. SICHEL, M. D., of the faculties of Berlin and Paris, Clinical Professor of Diseases of the Eye, Officer of the Legion of Honor, etc. Translated from the French by permission of the author, by HENRY W. WILLIAMS, M. D., Fellow of the Massachusetts Medical Society, etc. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. Philadelphia: J. W. Moore.

This work fills a space vacant too long in modern hygienic improvement. The diseases to which the human eye is subject are so various, so complicated, and yet the result often of such slight causes, as to need some complete and practical guide for their treatment. The present work, it appears to us, considers the subject in all its bearings, and must prove a great aid both to the occulist and the optician.

THE NAG'S HEAD; OR, TWO MONTHS AMONG "THE BANKERS." A story of Sea-Shore Life and Manners. By GREGORY SEAWORTHY. Philadelphia: A. Hart, late Carey & Hart.

The "Nag's Head" is a point or promontory, near the entrance of Roanoke Sound, on the coast of North Carolina; and the "Bankers" are those, we opine, who "go down to the sea" in shallops, in one of which "full-rigged craft" Mr. Seaworthy tempted the dangers of the briny wave. A very amusing book is made out of the "hair-breadth 'scapes," and much pathos woven into some of the incidents. It is well worthy a place among Hart's "Library of Humorous American Works."

HOMOEOPATHY IN GERMANY AND ENGLAND IN 1849, WITH A GLANCE AT ALLOPATHIC MEN AND THINGS. Being two preliminary discourses, delivered in the Homoeopathic Medical College of Pennsylvania. By C. NEIDHARD, M. D., Professor of Clinical Medicine. Boston: Otis Clapp. Philadelphia: Rademacher & Sheek.

A very interesting pamphlet, containing the author's observations while in Europe during last year, his visits to the various Homoeopathic Hospitals, notes of improvement in the treatment of diseases, and a general fund of information calculated to be of service to those who favor the practice of Homoeopathy.

FIRST AND TRUE LOVE. A Thrilling Novel. By GEORGE SAND, author of "Consuelo," "Indiana," "The Countess of Rudolstadt," etc. Full of beautiful illustrations. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.

George Sand is one of the writers upon whose works it is unsafe to pronounce an opinion without a thorough perusal. This perusal in the present instance, we have not yet been able to find time for. We must, therefore, content ourselves with simply announcing its publication.

SHORT PATENT SERMONS, by "Dow, Jr.," originally published in the New York Mercury. Fourth Edition, two volumes in one. New York: W. F. Burgess. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.

The fourth edition of a very entertaining melange of morality and nonsense, which has given its author much popularity. Some of the Sermons are really excellent things, and all are more or less quaint and humorous.

DAVID COPPERFIELD.

Number Sixteen of the "History of David Copperfield," brings with it some more experiences of housekeeping, the gradual decline of Dora, and the return of Emily. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

General News.

CONGRESSIONAL ELECTION.—The following States hold their elections for members of the next Congress, (the Thirty-Second,) the present summer and ensuing fall:

States	Election	Present Congress Dem	Whig	F. S.
Missouri	Aug 5	5	—	—
Iowa	do 5	2	—	—
Maine	Sept 9	5	2	—
Vermont	do 3	1	3	—
Georgia	Oct 7	5	3	—
Florida	do 7	—	1	—
South Carolina	do 14	7	—	—
Ohio	do 8	11	8	2
Illinois	Nov 5	6	1	—
Wisconsin	do 5	1	1	1
Pennsylvania	Oct 8	8	14	2
New York	Nov 5	1	32	1
New Jersey	do 5	1	4	—
Michigan	do 5	2	1	—
Massachusetts	do 11	—	9	—
Delaware	do 12	—	1	—
Total		55	80	6

The total number of members to be elected this year is 142, exclusive of the member from Arkansas.

A SENSIBLE ARBITRATION.—A gentleman recently lost nearly $200,000 in a single night, at play, at Saratoga Springs. He offered to settle by paying each of the two winners $5,000 down, and giving his notes for $50,000. This they refused, and after some discussion it was finally agreed to leave the matter to the arbitration of a fourth party, who decided that $5,000 was as much as any gentleman had a right to lose at one sitting, and that the winners, therefore, were each entitled to no more than that sum. The victim immediately forked over the amount, well content, no doubt, to escape ruin so easily.

RATHER IMPROBABLE.—The New Orleans Bulletin contains a statement from the recently liberated Contoy prisoners, who say that they sailed from New Orleans under the impression that they were going to California, where they were to receive from Captain Hardy *four thousand dollars each* for one year's residence in California, and that on reaching Contoy, the object of the expedition was made known to them. They then refused to proceed further, and were promised to be taken back to New Orleans.

DISEASE AMONG THE COWS.—A new and fatal disease has lately appeared among the milch cows belonging to the farmers and dairymen of Oneida County, New York. The first indication which shows itself, is the failure of the milk of the cow, decreasing in some cases, in a single day, from a pailful to a quart or a pint. A weakness and trembling then seizes the animal, and she soon dies. In some instances, the attack was first noticed at night, and the cow died before morning.

PROFESSOR WEBSTER.—We are assured, says the New York Tribune, upon good authority, one who professes to know, that Professor Webster has made another, and full confession, in which he admits the premeditated murder of Dr. Parkman, thus falsifying his previous statements.—This confession is in the hands of the authorities, but will not be made public until after the execution.

SLAVE EXCITEMENT AT HARRISBURG, PA.—The owners of three fugitive slaves recently arrested them at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, for horse-stealing. The Judge considered that the charge could not be sustained—as it was a settled principle of law, that property taken only for use, with an intention of returning it, or leaving it where it could be obtained afterward, was only a trespass, not larceny. In this case, the horses had been abandoned, after being ridden some thirty miles, and had been recovered. Upon the discharge of the slaves from prison, the masters aided by a number of friends, attempted to capture them. The slaves and surrounding negroes resisted, and a riot ensued. One of the slaves succeeded in getting off, the others were captured by their masters. Warrants for riots were issued, and the whole party, masters and slaves, with others, lodged in jail. The owners of the slaves, with their assistants, were then brought up on a writ of habeas corpus, and bound over in the sum of $500 each to appear and answer at the next Court of Quarter Sessions.

The Court said that the masters had the right to use just as much violence to effect the securing of the slaves, as a Sheriff or Constable; but that, in this case, a much greater amount had been employed than was necessary. They could not accord to them greater license than was allowed to our own police officers. The persons engaged in resisting the owners, were also guilty of a great breach of the peace. And all parties must be held to answer before a jury.

NEW MEXICO.—The elections under the State Constitution of New Mexico, took place on the 20th of June, and resulted in the choice of Dr. Henry Connelly for Governor, and Emanuel Alvarez for Lieutenant Governor. Wm. S. Messerdy was elected Representative to Congress, by 500 majority, over Hugh N. Smith. Members of the Legislature were also elected, and this body convened at the time appointed by the State Constitution, when some curious scenes were enacted.

The parties are divided—one advocating Territorial and the other State Government. A member of the Senate presented his credentials and was admitted; but it being afterwards found that he would not vote with the majority, he was excluded from taking his seat, and his opponent admitted. Hereupon a number of the Senators and Representatives withdrew, leaving the House without a quorum. The remaining members took upon themselves the responsibility to fill the vacant seats with men enough to form a quorum, and proceeded with the business, Major R. H. Whiteman and Major F. A. Cunningham, both late Paymasters in the United States army, were elected United States Senators.

The Indians were continuing their depredations throughout all parts of New Mexico.

An express which left Santa Fe several days after this party, brought sealed despatches and orders for two thousand stand of arms.

Major Whiteman is expected to arrive at St. Louis in a few days, on his way to Washington.

THE BIENNIAL EPIDEMIC.—The Assistant Marshal, who is engaged in taking the census of Barnwell District, thus writes to the Charleston (S. C.) Mercury, in giving an account of what we have seen. We wonder if any other assistants have had a similar experience:

BARNWELL C. H., Aug. 4.—The whole District is completely paralyzed with dry weather and candidates. The latter have overrun every section, corner and hole, within their knowledge.—There are for the Legislature, 7; Senate, 3; Sheriff, 3; Clerk of the Court, 17; Tax Collector's office, 23; Ordinary, 18; making, in all, 71; and when this swarm comes down upon a small crowd of people, it is indeed the "time to try their souls."

I was upon the track of sixteen or seventeen of them the other day. I reached a house, and before I could commence asking the lady of the house how many horses, hogs, dogs, cats, &c., she had, she said, (taking me for one of the swarm,) "I am very sorry my husband is not here; he has promised to vote for all the candidates, and I have no doubt, if he was here, he would promise you."

I proceeded on my way, and saw a man ploughing not far from the road. As soon as he saw me, he commenced whipping and going faster. After proceeding some little distance, he motioned his arm toward me: "Go on, go on," said he, "I'll vote for you, I always said I would, so don't let it disturb you."

ABOLITION CONVENTION.—A convention of Abolitionists, of the most ultra stamp, was recently held at Cazenovia, New York. The Convention comprised some two thousand persons—of whom five hundred were delegates. The Trustees of the Free Church refused to allow the convention to occupy their building, and they proceeded to a grove.

Thirty fugitive slaves were present. And Frederick Douglass was chosen President. A great many violent speeches were made. Chaplin who is now in prison in Maryland, for abducting slaves, was a prominent subject of sympathy and admiration. A subscription is to be raised to enable him to conduct his defence. Also to procure a silver medal for him. An address of the Fugitive Slaves to their brethren in the South, was first adopted at a meeting of the fugitive slaves present, and subsequently by the Convention.

An address to the Abolitionists of the North, recommends that W. L. Chaplin be nominated for the Presidency. Seventeen resolutions were passed by the Convention—the last of which "*Resolved*, That the liberation of William L. Chaplin be effected, even at the price of Disunion and Revolution."

Clippings.

☞ Some schoolmasters are in the habit of drawling their words very badly. We have heard of one who called up a little fellow in school, and said, "Ben, [illegible]?" To which the little fellow replied,—"No, I ain't! I'm mother's!"

☞ Punch having been prohibited at Koningsburg, C. T. B., in the Literary World, translates an epigram, which appeared in the Leipsic Charivari, thus:

"We Germans get our rights, to be sure
As far and as fast as we need 'em—
We have the freedom of caricature,
And a caricature of freedom."

☞ Telegraphic reports from Washington say: "It is the general belief that the President will veto the Fugitive Slave Bill, on the ground of unconstitutionality."

☞ Mrs. Fanny Kemble has lately been giving a series of "Readings of Shakspeare" at the St. James's Theatre, (London,) and the entertainment, which, at first, was not well patronized, is now exceedingly attractive, the house being crowded by aristocratic, literary and dramatic circles.

☞ A little child, seven years old, one day said to her mother, "Mother, I have learned to be happy, and I shall always be happy." "My dear," said her mother, "how can this be done?" She said, "It is not by caring any thing about myself, but trying to make every body else happy."

☞ When poverty begs, the dogs bark at it; and when poverty is ill the doctors mangle at it; and when poverty is dying the priests scold at it; and when poverty is dead, nobody weeps for it.—*Bulwer.*

☞ MAN THE ONLY PROGRESSIVE CREATED BEING.—The bees now build exactly as they built in the time of Homer; the bear is as ignorant of good manners as he was two thousand years past; and the baboon is as unable to read and write, as persons of [illegible] and quality were in the time of Queen Elizabeth.—*Sydney Smith.*

☞ Civilization already begins to enervate the people of the Far West. Last month a piano made its appearance at Hard Scrabble; while the landlord of the "Fighting Bears," who nobly resisted the innovation of table cloths, has been compelled to strike his colors to a Yankee, who advertises "clean plates at every meal."

☞ "Ma," said a little urchin, peeping from beneath the bed clothes, "I am cold; I want some cover on the bed." "Lie still, my dear," said the mother, "until your sister comes from church; she has got the comforter on for a bustle."

☞ CANNON BALLS AND LOCOMOTIVES.—According to the experiments of Dr. Hutton, it appeared that the time of flight of a cannon ball having a range of 6,700 feet, is one quarter of a minute. The velocity was, therefore, 26,800 feet per minute, which is equal to five miles per minute, or 300 miles per hour. It follows, therefore, that a railway train, moving at 75 miles an hour, not an uncommon speed for express trains to attain, would have a velocity only four times less than a cannon ball. The momentum of such a mass moving at such a speed is difficult to conceive. It would amount to the force of a number of cannon balls equal to one-fourth of its own weight.

☞ The law for the abolition of imprisonment for debt went into operation, in Virginia, on the 1st instant. Also, a law providing for the sale of real estate under execution.

☞ ELOPEMENT IN HIGH LIFE.—Lady Alice Lambton, daughter of the late Earl of Durham, and sister-in-law of Lord Elgin, Governor General of Canada, has eloped with a footman.

☞ The reported negro insurrection in Alabama is pronounced a hoax.

THE GREAT NORTH-WEST.

In Europe, says Mr. Gallagher, Belgium has a population of three hundred and twenty-three persons to the square mile. Take this ratio, and apply it to the five hundred thousand square miles of which the North-West consists; and what population will that give for this region? One hundred and sixty-one millions five hundred thousand, precisely! Or take the much lower ratio of France, which is one hundred and sixty-seven persons to the square mile, and what does that give as a future population for this region? Even that gives eighty-three millions five hundred thousand! But a fairer measure than either, of the capacity of the North-West to sustain numbers, will be found by taking the mean of Belgium, France, England, Holland and Italy. These several countries have an aggregate territorial superficies more than four-fifths as large as that of the North-West, and present various points to justify the taking of the measure of their present population as that of our prospective population. The mean average number of inhabitants to the square mile, in those five countries, is two hundred and fifty-two. Taking them thus together, no one will pretend that they have any natural qualities by which they can sustain more persons to the square mile than can be sustained in the several States of our North West, taking these all together. Measuring the future population of this region, then, by the present population of those countries, what is it to be? One hundred and twenty-six millions! Glorious and exciting is the prospect of the Future!

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET

SATURDAY, Aug. 24, 1850

REMARKS—Trade is gradually becoming more active. The late foreign advices are rather unfavorable for Cotton, but they have had no material effect upon the market. The receipts of Breadstuffs have been moderate, and prices are steadily maintained. In Groceries and Provisions there is no material change to notice. Exchange on England continues firm at 110a110½.

FLOUR AND MEAL—Supplies of Flour have come in rather more freely during the past week, but they are still quite moderate. Sales of 6,000 bbls for export at $5.37½ for fresh ground, $5.12½a5.25 for old stock, and $5,75 per bbl for extra made from new Wheat; for city consumption prices range from $5,25 to 5,75 for common and extra, and $6 to 7 for fancy brands. Rye Flour—7a800 sold at $2.87½. Corn Meal is held firmly; sales of 2,000 bbls at $2.87 a3 per bbl.

The amount of Flour and Meal inspected during the week ending the 22d inst. was as follows:

Wheat Flour	bbls	9,908
do.	half bbls	245
Rye Flour	bbls	991
Corn Meal	bbls	1,462
do.	half bbls	25

GRAIN—The market has been well supplied with Wheat during the past week, and there has been a fair inquiry; sales of 22,000 bushels common and prime Southern and Pennsylvania red at $1.10a1.16, but mostly at $1.13a1.15, and white at $1.16a1.21, including some old at $1.23. No sales of Rye. Corn has been in limited demand and prices are lower; sales of 8,000 bushels yellow at 66c. Oats are plenty and lower; sales of 10,000 bushels new Southern at 35a36, and old Pennsylvania at 44a45c.

PROVISIONS—Pork is in limited demand; sales of 2a300 bbls of Mess at $10.75 on time. Prime is held at $9. Beef is quiet. Bacon is held firmly; sales of Hams at 7½a10c per lb as in quality; Sides at 5½a5⅝, and Shoulders at 5¼a5½ cts per lb. Lard is held at 7a7½c per lb in bbls and kegs. In Butter and Cheese no change.

AMERICAN FABRICS—There is an active business doing among the job houses, and prices of both Woolens and Cottons have an upward tendency. Supplies of Foreign Goods are arriving freely.

BARK—Quercitron continues in demand, and is taken on arrival at $40 per ton for No. 1.

BEESWAX—Is but little inquired after; sales of 4,000 lbs Yellow at 24c per lb cash.

CANDLES—The demand for both Sperm and Tallow Candles continues limited, at former quotations.

COAL—There is a fair demand for Coal for shipment, and prices are firm. Supplies are arriving freely by Lehigh Canal and Reading Railway. Sales of Allegheny Bituminous Coal at [illegible] per bushel.

COFFEE—Continues in active demand, and prices are fully sustained; sales of 1,800 bags Laguayra and Rio at 9a10½c per lb on time, and St. Domingo at 9½ cts.

COPPER—Demand limited; sales of Sheathing at 22c per lb on time.

COTTON—The foreign advices by the Europa have had no material effect upon the market. Early in the week there was a good demand, but since it has become less active; sales of 700 bales Upland and New Orleans at 13a14c per lb on time. Our various Southern exchanges represent, with few exceptions, that the Cotton crop will probably be less than an average one. It was planted so late, that even in those sections where the weather has since been more favorable, there will only be a fair yield. A writer in the Picayune states that the experience of every planter will sustain him in the assertion that Cotton planted late never gives a large return, though it may present to the eye a most promising appearance. It has yet a good many difficulties to encounter before it is ready for picking, such as boll worms, caterpillars, a wet summer, an unfavorable fall, or early frost.

The following is a comparative statement of the receipts and stocks of Cotton at the different ports at the latest dates received:

	Stock on hand 1850	1849	Received 1850	1849
N. Orleans, bales	13,4[illegible]0	37,401	769,312	1,066,87[illegible]
Mobile	3,646	25,794	314,721	508,54[illegible]
Florida	1,115	367	180,402	197,1[illegible]
Texas	451	741	30,106	18,37[illegible]
Savannah	19,9[illegible]0	8,990	[illegible]	287,0[illegible]
do Sea Island	300	1,150	[illegible]	17,[illegible]
Charleston	23,357	14,416	347,024	425,3[illegible]
do Sea Island	774	1,239	[illegible]	17,6[illegible]
North Carolina	509	23	10,055	9,804
Virginia	1,710	544	[illegible]	15,80[illegible]
New York	17,035	41,567		
Other Ports	16,336	16,830		
Total	141,734	141,540	2,003,874	2,605,7[illegible]
Decrease	[illegible]		[illegible]	

DRUGS AND DYES—There has been but little doing, and prices of the leading articles have undergone no change.

FEATHERS are more inquired after; sales of Western at 31a33c per lb cash, and 10,000 lbs on private terms.

FISH—There is a fair demand for Mackerel; sales of No. 1, from store, at $11.75a12; No. 2 $8.75, and No. 3 at $5 per bbl—an invoice of No. 3 sold from vessel at $4.75, and some at $4.87½ per bbl.

FRUIT—Market quiet, and no sales worthy of note have been reported, except 300 bushels Dried Peaches at $3 per bushel.

GINSENG—Crude is scarce and in demand; sales at 35a36c per lb cash.

GUANO—Is in fair demand at steady prices.

HEMP—The market is quiet, and no transactions have come under our notice.

HOPS—Are dull; sales of Eastern in lots at 14½ and Western at 16a17c per lb.

INDIGO—Is held firmly, but the sales are unimportant.

IRON—The market continues quiet; small sales of No. 1 Anthracite at $21, and No 2 at $19 per ton. No sales of Scotch Pig. Bar and Boiler Iron continue in limited request at former rates.

LEAD—Is held firmly; a sale of 1,500 pigs Galena from ship, at 4½c per lb cash—now held higher.

LUMBER—Supplies of all descriptions are arriving freely; there is a fair demand for White and Yellow Pine Boards at our former quotations. Sales of 1,000,000 Eastern Laths at $1.15 per M; Yellow and White Pine Boards at [illegible], and Spruce at $12 per M feet.

The amount of Lumber shipped by the Lehigh Co. [illegible] this season has been as follows:

Week ending the 17th inst., feet,	1,177,551
Previously this season,	20,622,305
Total	21,799,856

MOLASSES—The market has been very quiet, and the only sale reported is a small lot of Cuba at 22a23c on time.

NAVAL STORES—Sales of 700 bbls Soap Rosin at $1.25a1.35 per bbl. No sales of Tar and Pitch have been reported. Sales of Spirits of Turpentine, in lots, at 38a40c per gallon on time.

OILS—In Fish Oils there is no change to notice. Linseed Oil is held firmly at 82c. No further transactions in Lard have come under our notice.

PLASTER—Has arrived freely; three cargoes of Soft sold at $3 per ton, and one of White Plaster at $4.50.

RICE—Continues in limited demand; sales of 100 tcs, in lots, at 3½a3⅞c per lb.

SALT—Prices are firm; an import of Ashton's Fine sold on private terms.

SEEDS—In Cloverseed but little doing, and prices are unchanged. Timothy is worth $3.25a3.75. Sales of Flaxseed on arrival at $1.55.

SPICES—Market quiet; sales of Nutmegs at $1 10, and Cloves, in lots, at 20c per lb.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin continue in limited request at steady prices. N. E. Rum sells in lots at 28c. Whiskey has declined; sales in bbls at 26½ a27, and in hhds at 26c.

SUGAR—The demand continues active, and prices firm; sales of 600 hhds Cuba, Porto Rico and New Orleans at 6¼a6⅞c per lb on time.

TALLOW—Is in limited demand; we quote City Rendered at 7a7½c per lb.

TEAS—There is no change to notice in the market, except an increased demand from the country trade.

TOBACCO—Is held firmly, but the sales are confined to the wants of the trade.

WINES—Market quiet, and prices steadily maintained.

WOOL—Continues to meet an active inquiry, and prices are fully maintained; sales of 125,000 pounds within the range of last week's quotations.

FREIGHTS—In foreign there is little or nothing doing, and the rates are nominal. Colliers continue in demand to load for the Eastward; we quote to Boston $1.40, Providence and Fall River $1.15, and to New York 90c per ton.—*Inquirer.*

CATTLE MARKETS.

PHILADA., Aug. 26—The offerings of Beef Cattle for the week were about 1,2[illegible]0 head. Beeves are selling from $5.50 to 7,50 per 100 pounds. Hogs—There were 500 head in the market, and sold from $5.00 to 5,75 per 100 lbs. Cows—About 200 in market and sold from $16 to 38. Sheep and Lambs—The former from $2 to 4, the latter from $1 to 3, according to quality.

Miscellaneous.

A SAD TALE.

While travelling a couple of weeks since, we heard from the lips of a friend, one of the most heart-rending recitals we have listened to for a long time. He was put off from a steamboat at or near Wolf Island, about twenty-five miles below the mouth of the Ohio, for the purpose of collecting a debt from a man living about five miles back in the country, on the Missouri side, we think. With a carpet-bag in his hand, he had followed a narrow path about three miles, when he came to a small cabin. Yet "cabin" would not describe the place of habitation, for such it proved to be. It was a little dilapidated shed, with its boards on one side, and great crevices on the other sides and in the roof. He would have passed it by, but moans from the inside told him that it was occupied. Wishing to inquire his road, he stopped, and stood before the open side of the shed, and gazed upon a spectacle which, as he said, was presented before his eyes days afterwards, and haunted his sleep. We describe what he saw, as he told us, only saying that, strange as the story may seem, full reliance can be placed upon his words.

There was not a bed or chair in the shed, but stretched upon the bare ground lay the body of a youthful-looking woman, who had evidently just died. Her form was almost a perfect skeleton, yet the face was that of a refined and beautiful woman. On her breast lay an infant about six months old, with its mouth to the breast of its mother, and *dead*. And sitting up in a corner of the shed, and staring the traveller in the face with glazed eyes, was what he thought another corpse, but life was yet in it. The figure was that of a girl, apparently about ten years old. She could not rise to her feet, and yet she was not sick. She was literally dying of starvation! By the side of the woman, and clasping her hand, lay a man covered with blood, and apparently in a dying state. Add to this the filth of the room, and the half naked condition of the sufferers and we wonder not that the scene long haunted the observer. He went in. The girl could not speak, but the man cried "water" in a feeble voice, and pointed to the girl, as if to attract the stranger's attention to her. The traveller, Mr. J., of Cincinnati, hastened away, taking with him a tin pan, and says he never ran harder in his life than he did about half a mile to a small stream he had passed. On his return he found the man still alive, and gave him water, which he eagerly drank. He could then speak in a whisper. He pointed to the girl and said "she's starving." Mr. J. gave the girl some water, which appeared to revive her, and she tried to talk, but could not. With much difficulty he learned from the man that there was a house about a mile distant, to which he hurried. On his arrival there, he found only a negro.

While getting some provision and hastening back with the man, the latter informed him that the cholera had broken out in that neighborhood, and the family owning him had left for the time being. He said the little girl of the shed had daily made her appearance there for provisions until about three days back—that the man and woman had been sick for a long time, &c. On their return, the man was dying, and lived but an hour. The little girl was revived by food, and before they took her away could talk. She said she had been sick herself, and could not walk to the house for food, and that her mother died the day previous, and the baby about the same time, and that her father had tried to kill himself when they died. It was horrible! The child was taken to the house, and the rest of the unfortunate family buried. The child afterwards stated her name was Mary Williams, and Mr. J., thought from what he could gather, the family had formerly lived in New Albany, but in what New Albany he could not ascertain, more than, as the child said, there were a great many houses there, and it was evidently New Albany, N. Y. The negro said the family had been there several weeks, and came down after his master had left. As there was no family in the neighborhood, [illegible] whom Mr. J. wished to see, the girl who was sick and exhausted, was left with the negro, who promised faithfully to attend to her. Yet there were but little hopes of her recovery. It has never been our misfortune to hear a more horrible tale of reality than this.—[illegible] *(Ia.) Journal.*

A GENTLEMAN.—Show me a man that can quit the brilliant society of the young to listen to the friendly voice of age, and who can hold cheerful conversation with one whom years have deprived of charms—show me the man who is willing to help the deformed who stands in need of help, as if the blush of Helen mantled their cheek—show me the man who would no more look rudely at the poor girl in the village than at the elegant and well-dressed lady in the saloon,—show me the man who treats unprotected maidenhood as he would the heiress, surrounded by the powerful protection of rank, riches and family—show me the man who abhors the libertine's gibe, and shuns as a blasphemer the traducer of his mother's sex, and who scorns as would a coward, the ridiculer of womanly foibles, the oppressor of womanly reputation—show me the man who never forgets for an instant the delicacy and respect that is due to woman, as woman, in any condition or class,—and you show me a gentleman; nay, better, you show me a Christian.—*Henry Giles.*

☞ The Boston Bee roundly contradicts the story that $40,000 has been raised for the family of Prof. Webster, and says that it is an entire fabrication.

☞ The area of New Mexico, if the bill passed by the Senate a few days since goes through the House, will be not far from two hundred and fifty thousand square miles. The territory will be over three times as large as the State of New York, which contains forty-six thousand square miles.

☞ Professor Agassiz believes that the [illegible] of an egg is the animal itself, though in an inferior stage of existence.

POSTSCRIPT.

FOREIGN NEWS.

By the America we have foreign dates a week later. The news is not of much importance. The Queen has prorogued Parliament without the settlement of the various questions of late agitating it. The French General Assembly has also adjourned, and the President is making a tour through the provinces, receiving, it is said, rather a cold reception.

The difficulty in Schleswig-Holstein still continues, though there is a prospect of its termination by the mediation of Russia, England and France. At the last accounts, the Danes had met with a repulse. The King of Denmark, in the meantime, was enjoying himself at home. He has contracted a left-handed marriage with a dressmaker. From Austria, Haynau has been dismissed from his Government, has retired to join Gorgey the traitor,—a well matched pair.

Jenny Lind is coming in the Atlantic. Some of her suite preceded her in the America. At a concert given at Liverpool, Friday week, the house was excessively crowded, though the tickets were sold at a premium. Miss Cushman is coming in the same steamer with the nightingale.

From Ireland, we learn that the potato disease is threatened—other crops promise well. In the general markets there is little change, except cotton, which is again down, middling qualities having declined ⅛, though other kinds are unchanged. The sales of the week foot up [illegible] bales, of which speculators took 7,000, and exporters 14,000 bales.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST BY CHARLES CAMBLOS, STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER.
No. 59 South Third street.

The following were the closing quotations for stocks on Monday last. Market closing firm.

	Bid	Asked		Bid	Asked
U S 6s '56	107½	107¾	Southwark	[illegible]	[illegible]
" '62	112	113	Kensington	[illegible]	[illegible]
" '67	115½	116	P Township	[illegible]	[illegible]
" '68	115¾	116	Girard	[illegible]	[illegible]
" 5s '53	101	101¼	Western	[illegible]	[illegible]
" 5s '51	100½	101	Man & Mechs	[illegible]	[illegible]
July 1st off			Bk of Com	[illegible]	[illegible]
U S Tr N 6s	112	—	Camden N J	[illegible]	[illegible]
" 1 mill	—	—	Germantown	[illegible]	[illegible]
Philada 6s	107	109	Trenton Bkg Co	[illegible]	[illegible]
" 5s	90	91	Pittsburg Bank	[illegible]	[illegible]
" Uns	—	—	M & M Pitts	[illegible]	[illegible]
County 5s	89	89½	Exchange, Pitts	[illegible]	[illegible]
Penna 5s	100	—	Com, Cincin	[illegible]	[illegible]
" 5s	93	93¼	Louisville, Ky	107½	[illegible]
Kentucky 6s	105	—	Kentucky Bk	[illegible]	[illegible]
Tennessee 5s	[illegible]	—	Northern	107	[illegible]
Illinois 6s	49	50	Union, Tenn	[illegible]	[illegible]
Cincinnati 6s	99	100	Planters, Tenn	[illegible]	[illegible]
Texas T Notes	30	31	Vicksburg	[illegible]	[illegible]
" bds	[illegible]	40	Com, Natchez	[illegible]	[illegible]
Schuyl N 6s	56	57	St G Gas Bk	[illegible]	[illegible]
" ctf	—	—	Schuyl Nav	[illegible]	[illegible]
Lehigh N 6s	78½	79	Lehigh Nav	[illegible]	[illegible]
" 1st loan	71	72	C & Del Cl	[illegible]	[illegible]
" Mort 6s	95	96	Morris Cl	[illegible]	[illegible]
C & Del Cl 6s	96½	97	Penn & Ohio Cl	[illegible]	[illegible]
C & Am R bds	96	96½	Union Cl	[illegible]	[illegible]
Hen Mdw R 6s	75	[illegible]	Cam & Am R	[illegible]	[illegible]
Susqueh Cl 6s	55	[illegible]	Penna R	[illegible]	[illegible]
Norristn R 6s	90	91	Hen Mdw R	[illegible]	[illegible]
Harrisburg R 6s	91	[illegible]	Lykens Val R	[illegible]	[illegible]
Wil R 6s	91	94	North Am Cl	[illegible]	[illegible]
Read R 6s	74½	74¾	Susqueh Cl	[illegible]	[illegible]
" Mort 6s	[illegible]	79	Norristown R	[illegible]	[illegible]
U S Bk Notes	10	—	Harrisburg R	[illegible]	[illegible]
U S Bk Share	1¼	1½	Wilmington R	[illegible]	[illegible]
N Amer Bk	127	—	Reading R	[illegible]	[illegible]
Penna Bk	[illegible]	116	Minehill R	[illegible]	[illegible]
Philadelphia	129	140	N Liberty Gas	[illegible]	[illegible]
Far & Mec	[illegible]	63	Flem Copper	[illegible]	[illegible]
Commercial	[illegible]	63	N J Copper	[illegible]	[illegible]
N Liberty	[illegible]	—	N W Min Co	[illegible]	[illegible]
Mechanics'	[illegible]	30			

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1850.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,
No. 66 South Third Street, Phila.,
Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with dispatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.
DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE BILL.

AS IT PASSED THE SENATE.

A BILL to amend the act entitled "An act respecting Fugitives from Justice and Persons Escaping from the Service of their Masters."

Sec. 1. That persons who have been, or may hereafter be, appointed Commissioners, in virtue of any act of Congress, by the Circuit Courts of the United States, and who, in consequence of such appointments, are authorized to exercise the powers that any justice of the peace or other magistrate of any of the United States may exercise in respect to offenders for any crime or offence against the United States, by arresting, imprisoning, or bailing the same under and by virtue of the thirty-third section of the act of the fourth of September, seventeen hundred and eighty-nine, entitled "an act to establish the judicial courts of the United States," shall be, and are hereby, authorized and required to exercise and discharge all the powers and duties conferred by this act.

Sec. 2. And be it further enacted, That the superior court of each organized Territory of the United States shall have the same power to appoint commissioners to take acknowledgements of bail and affidavit, and to take depositions of witnesses in civil causes which is now possessed by the circuit courts of the United States; and all commissioners who shall hereafter be appointed for such purposes by the superior court of any organized Territory of the United States, shall possess all the powers and exercise all the duties conferred by law upon the commissioners appointed by the circuit courts of the United States for similar purposes, and shall moreover exercise and discharge all the powers and duties conferred by this act.

Sec. 3. And be it further enacted, That the circuit court of the United States, and the superior courts of each organized Territory of the United States, shall, from time to time enlarge the number of commissioners, with a view to afford reasonable facilities to reclaim fugitives from labor, and to the prompt discharge of the duties imposed by this act.

Sec. 4. And be it further enacted, That the Commissioners above named shall have concurrent jurisdiction with the judges of the circuit and district courts of the United States, in their respective circuits and districts within the several States, and with the judges of the superior courts of the Territories, severally and collectively, in term, time and vacation; and shall grant certificates to such claimants, upon satisfactory proof being made, with authority to take and remove such fugitives from service or labor under the restrictions herein contained, to the State or Territory from which such persons may have escaped or fled.

Sec. 5. And be it further enacted, That it shall be the duty of all marshals and deputy marshals to obey and execute all warrants and precepts issued under the provisions of this act, when to them directed; and the better to enable the said commissioners, when thus appointed, to execute their duties faithfully and efficiently, in conformity with the requirements of the Constitution of the United States and of this act, they are hereby authorized and empowered, within their counties respectively, to appoint, in writing under their hands, any one or more suitable persons, from time to time, to execute all such warrants and other process as may be issued by them in the lawful performance of their respective duties, with authority to such commissioners, or the persons to be appointed by them, to execute process as aforesaid, to summon and call to their aid the bystanders, or posse comitatus of the proper county, when necessary to ensure a faithful observance of the clause of the Constitution referred to, in conformity with the provisions of this act; and all good citizens are hereby commanded to aid and assist in the prompt and efficient execution of this law, whenever their services may be required, as aforesaid, for that purpose;—and said warrants shall run, and be executed by said officers anywhere in the State, within which they are issued.

Sec. 6. And be it further enacted, That when a person held to service or labor in any State or Territory of the United States, has heretofore or shall hereafter escape into another State or Territory of the United States, the person or persons to whom such service or labor may be due, or his, her, or their agent or attorney, duly authorized, by power of attorney, in writing, acknowledged and certified under the seal of some legal officer or court of the State or Territory in which the same may be executed, may pursue and reclaim such fugitive person, either by procuring a warrant from some one of the courts, judges or commissioners aforesaid, of the proper circuit, district, or county for the apprehension of such fugitive from service or labor, or by seizing and arresting such fugitive, where the same can be done without process, and by taking or causing such person to be taken forthwith before such court, judge, or commissioner, whose duty it shall be to hear and determine the case of such claimant in a summary manner; and upon satisfactory proof being made, by deposition or affidavit, in writing, to be taken and certified by such court, judge, or commissioner, or by other satisfactory testimony, duly taken and certified by some court, magistrate, justice of the peace, or other legal officer authorized to administer an oath and take depositions under the laws of the State or Territory from which such person owing service or labor may have escaped, with a certificate of such magistracy or other authority, as aforesaid, with the seal of the proper court or officer thereto attached, which seal shall be sufficient to establish the competency of the proof, and with proof, also by affidavit, of the identity of the person whose service or labor is claimed to be due as aforesaid, that the person so arrested does in fact owe service or labor to the person or persons claiming him or her, in the State or Territory from which such fugitive may have escaped as aforesaid, and that said person escaped, to make out and deliver to such claimant, his or her agent or attorney, a certificate setting forth the substantial facts as to the service or labor due from such fugitive to the claimant, and of his or her escape from the State or Territory in which such service or labor was due, to the State or Territory in which he or she was arrested, with authority to such claimant, or his or her agent or attorney, to use such reasonable force and restraint as may be necessary, under the circumstances of the case, to take and remove such fugitive person back to the State or Territory from whence he or she may have escaped as aforesaid. In no trial or hearing under this act shall the testimony of such alleged fugitive be admitted in evidence; and the certificates in this and the first section mentioned shall be conclusive of the right of the person or persons in whose favor granted, to remove such fugitive to the State or Territory from which he escaped, and shall prevent all molestation of said person or persons by any process issued by any court, judge, magistrate or other person whomsoever, and should any marshal or deputy marshal refuse to receive such process when tendered, or to use all proper means diligently to execute it, he shall, on conviction thereof be fined in the sum of $1,000, on the motion of the claimant, for the use of such claimant; and after the arrest of such fugitive by said marshal or his deputy, and while at any time in his custody, under the provisions of this act, should such fugitive escape, whether with or without the assent of said marshal or his deputy, such marshal shall be liable on his official bond to be prosecuted for the full value of the service and labor of such fugitive in the State or Territory whence he escaped.

Sec. 7. And be it further enacted, That any person who shall knowingly and willingly obstruct, hinder or prevent such claimant, his agent or attorney, or any person or persons lawfully assisting him, her or them from arresting such a fugitive from service or labor, either with or without process as aforesaid; or shall rescue, or attempt to rescue, such fugitive from service or labor, from the custody of such claimant, his or her agent or attorney, or other person or persons lawfully assisting as aforesaid, when so arrested, pursuant to the authority herein given and declared; or shall aid, abet, or assist such person so owing service or labor as aforesaid, directly or indirectly to escape from such claimant, his agent or attorney, or other person or persons legally authorized as aforesaid; or shall harbor or conceal such fugitive, so as to prevent the discovery and arrest of such person, after notice or knowledge of the fact that such person was a fugitive from service or labor as aforesaid, shall for either of said offences be subject to a fine not exceeding one thousand dollars, and imprisonment not exceeding six months, by indictment and conviction before the district court of the United States for the district in which such offence may have been committed, or before the proper court of criminal jurisdiction, if committed within any one of the organized territories of the United States; and shall moreover forfeit and pay, by way of civil damages to the party injured by such illegal conduct, the sum of one thousand dollars for each fugitive so lost, as aforesaid, to be recovered by action of debt, in any of the district or territorial courts aforesaid, within whose jurisdiction the said offence may have been committed.

Sec. 8. And be it further enacted, That the marshals, their deputies, and the clerks of the said district and territorial courts, shall be paid for their services the like fees as may be allowed to them for similar services in other cases; and where such services are rendered exclusively in the arrest, custody, and delivery of the fugitive to the claimant, his or her agent or attorney, or where such supposed fugitive may be discharged out of custody for the want of sufficient proof as aforesaid, then such fees are to be paid in the whole by such claimant, his agent or attorney; and in all cases where the proceedings are before a commissioner, he shall be entitled to a fee of ten dollars in full for his services in each case, upon the delivery of the said certificate to the claimant, his or her agent or attorney; or a fee of five dollars in cases where the proof shall not in the opinion of such commissioner, warrant such certificate and delivery, inclusive of all services incident to such arrest and examination, to be paid, in either case, by the claimant, his or her agent or attorney. The person or persons authorized to execute the process to be issued by such commissioners for the arrest and detention of fugitives from services or labor aforesaid, shall also be entitled to a fee of five dollars each for said person he or they may arrest and take before any such commissioner as aforesaid, at the instance and request of such claimant, with such other fees as may be deemed reasonable by such commissioner for such other additional services as may be necessarily performed by him or them; such as attending at the examination, keeping the fugitive in custody, and providing him with food and lodging during his detention, and until the final determination of such commissioner; and in general for performing such other duties as may be required by such claimant, his or her attorney or agent, or commissioner in the premises, such fees to be made up in conformity with the fees usually charged by the officers of the courts of justice within the proper district or county, as near as may be practicable, and paid by such claimants, their agents or attorneys, whether such supposed fugitive from service or labor be ordered to be delivered to such claimants by the final determination of such commissioners or not.

Sec. 9. And be it further enacted, That upon affidavit made by the claimant of such fugitive, his agent or attorney, after such certificate has been issued, that he has reason to apprehend that such fugitive will be rescued by force from his or their possession before he can be taken beyond the limits of the State in which the arrest is made, it shall be the duty of the officer making the arrest to retain such fugitives in his custody, and to remove him to the State whence he fled, and there to deliver him to said claimant, his agent, or attorney. And to this end, the officer aforesaid is hereby authorized and required to employ so many persons as he may deem necessary to overcome such force, and to retain them in his service so long as circumstances may require. The said officer and his assistants, while so employed, to receive the same compensation, and to be allowed the same expenses as are now allowed by law for transportation of criminals, to be certified by the judge of the district within which the arrest is made, and paid out of the treasury of the United States.

Sec. 10. And be it further enacted, That when any person held to service or labor in any State or Territory, or in the District of Columbia, shall escape therefrom, the party to whom such service or labor shall be due, his, her, or their agent or attorney, may apply to any court of record therein, or judge thereof in vacation, and make satisfactory proof to such court of the escape aforesaid, and that the person escaping owed service or labor to such party. Whereupon the court shall cause a record to be made of the matter so proved, and also a general description of the persons so escaping, with such convenient certainty as may be, and a transcript of such record authenticated by the attestation of the clerk and seal of the said court, being produced in any other State, Territory or District in which the person so escaping may be found, and being exhibited to any judge, commissioner or other officer authorized by the law of the United States to cause persons escaping from service or labor to be delivered up, shall be held and taken to be full and conclusive evidence of the fact of escape, and that the service or labor of the person escaping is due to the party in such record mentioned. And upon the production by the said party of other and further evidence, if necessary, either oral or by affidavit, in addition to what is contained in the said record of the identity of the person escaping, he or she shall be delivered up to the claimant. And the said court, commissioner, judge or other person authorized by this act to grant certificates to claimants of fugitives, shall upon the production of the record and other evidences aforesaid, grant to such claimant a certificate of his right to take any such person identified and proved to be owing service or labor as aforesaid, which certificate shall authorize such claimant to seize or arrest and transport such person to the State or Territory from which he escaped, Provided, That nothing herein contained shall be construed as requiring the production of a transcript of such record as evidence as aforesaid. But in its absence the claim shall be heard and determined upon other satisfactory proofs, competent in law; and should such fugitive at any time after being arrested as aforesaid, by warrant as aforesaid, be rescued by force from those having such fugitive in custody, then it shall be lawful for such claimant, his agent or attorney, to exhibit proof of such arrest and rescue before any judge of the Circuit or District Court of the United States, for the State where the rescue was effected, and upon such arrest and rescue being made to appear to him by satisfactory proof, and that the same was without collusion; and further, that the service or labor claimed by such fugitive, was due to such claimant in the State, Territory or District whence he fled, it shall be the duty of such judge to grant such claimant, his agent or attorney, a certificate of the fact as proved, and of the value of such service or labor [illegible] in the State, Territory or District whence the fugitive fled [illegible] said claimant to be proved in like manner; which certificate when produced by such claimant or his attorney, shall be paid at the treasury, out of any moneys therein not otherwise appropriated; and the same shall be filed in the treasury, as evidence of so much money due from the State or Territory where such rescue was effected to the United States, and shall be, by the Secretary of the Treasury, reported to Congress at the next session ensuing its payment: Provided, That not more than $—— in case of a male, or $—— in case of a female fugitive shall be so allowed or paid.

Congressional News

THIRTY-FIRST CONGRESS.

SENATE.

On the 20th, after morning business, the Fugitive Slave Bill came up, the question being upon Mr. Mason's amendment, which was adopted without division.

This amendment provides in effect that three commissioners shall be appointed in each county by the federal judges of the several judicial districts, who shall hear and declare in a fair manner every case of an alleged fugitive from slavery, the deposition or affidavit of the owner, certified before some judicial officer in the United States from which the slave may have fled, and proof of the identity of the person claimed to be deemed sufficient proof to warrant the delivery of the fugitive to the claimant, who shall be subject to no further molestation in the conveyance of his slave back to the place from which he had fled, the decision of the commissioner being final. The Marshal and his deputies are directed to execute the warrants issued by these commissioners, and a penalty of six months imprisonment, or a fine of one thousand dollars is imposed upon those who shall aid in the escape of a slave from the claimant. It also provides that if the slave is rescued from the claimant after being delivered into his hands by the commissioner, his or her slave shall be paid out of the Treasury of the United States.

Mr. Pratt moved further to amend the bill by adding still more stringent provisions for the payment by the United States, of the value of escaped slaves who shall not be delivered up to the claimant by the officers whose duty it is made to execute this law. This motion was supported by Messrs. Pratt and Badger, and opposed by Messrs. Dayton and Butler. After which, Mr. Underwood gave notice of a substitute for the entire bill, which was ordered to be printed. The Senate then adjourned.

On the 21st, in consideration of the Fugitive Slave Bill, Messrs. Dayton and Berrien opposed, and Messrs. Atchison, Foote, Mason and Pratt advocated the latter gentleman's amendment, until nearly 4 o'clock, when, without vote, the Senate adjourned.

On the 22nd, Mr. Hamlin presented a memorial, praying that gulla percha may be classified in the Tariff scale. Referred to the Finance Committee.

The Indian Intercourse Extension Bill was taken up, debated, and laid over. The Fugitive Slave Bill then came up. Mr. Pratt's amendment was voted on, and rejected—Yeas 10, Nays 27.

Mr. Underwood then moved an amendment, providing federal officers, whose duty it shall be to execute the law of '93, relative to fugitives from justice or slavery. The amendment also provides for the record of evidence of slavery, of identity and escape, as proposed by the Committee of Thirteen, and provides further, that the claimant of a fugitive, who asserts his freedom, shall give bond with security, to afford the slave an opportunity for a jury trial of the question of his right to freedom, in the place from which the slave be alleged to have escaped.

This was debated by Messrs. Mason, Underwood, Davis, of Mississippi, Turney and Foote, until 4 o'clock, when, without coming to a vote, the Senate adjourned.

On the 23rd, the Indian Intercourse Bill, after debate, was ordered to be engrossed. The Fugitive Slave Bill was then taken up.

The question being on Mr. Underwood's amendment, or substitute, Mr. Chase moved to amend the amendment by striking out a section, making the provisions of the Act applicable to the Territories, so as to apply it to the States only. This, after a lengthy debate, was rejected—the only member voting for it being the mover.

Mr. Mason moved to amend the amendment offered by him and adopted in Committee of the Whole, by adding a proviso making a Marshal or his deputy responsible in damages for the escape of a fugitive slave from his custody, after he shall have been arrested. It also makes him responsible, if he shall fail, to use all due diligence in executing the warrant for the arrest of a fugitive slave.

The latter clause of the amendment was adopted without a division, and the former by 20 yeas, to 15 nays.

Mr. Underwood's substitute was then rejected.

Minor amendments were made to Mr. Mason's substitute, which were finally concurred in.

Mr. Davis, of Mass., moved an amendment, the object of which was to relieve the colored citizens of free States from the operations of the laws of Southern States, by which such colored citizens, going to Southern cities as seamen, are imprisoned and liable to be sold to slavery. Rejected: yeas 11, nays 24.

The bill was then ordered to be engrossed, by 27 yeas to 12 nays, as follows:

Yeas—Messrs. [illegible], Badger, Barnwell, Bell, Berrien, Butler, Davis, of Miss., Dawson, Dodge, of Iowa, Downs, Foote, Houston, Hunter, Jones, King, Mangum, Mason, Pearce, Rusk, Sebastian, Soule, Spruance, Sturgeon, Turney, Underwood, Wales, Yulee.

Nays—Messrs. Baldwin, Bradbury, Chase, Cooper, Davis of Mass., Dayton, Dodge of Wis., Greene, Smith, Upham, Walker, Winthrop.

The Indian Intercourse Bill was read a third time and passed.

At five o'clock the Senate adjourned to Monday.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 20th, Mr. Thurston presented a memorial praying for donations of public lands to Oregon. After debate, it was referred to the Committee on Territories. The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union, and took up the Civil and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill.

On motion of Mr. Bayly, an amendment was agreed to that when Collectors of Customs' salary is not below twenty-five hundred dollars, he shall receive no compensation as superintendent of light-houses or as disbursing agent.

After which the Committee rose, and the House adjourned.

On the 21st, in Committee, the Appropriation Bill came up; the clause in relation to intercourse with foreign nations being under consideration.

Mr. McClernand offered an amendment, appropriating fifteen hundred dollars for an Assistant Dragoman and Secretary to the Legation to Turkey. Adopted.

Mr. Bayly moved an amendment, appropriating $18,000 for outfits for the Charges d'Affairs to Portugal, New Greneda, Guatemala, and Ecuador.

Mr. Stanton, of Tennessee, moved to amend, by striking out eighteen thousand, and inserting twenty thousand dollars.

A rather exciting debate ensued on the policy of the late Government in relation to Portugal, ending by the rejection of the amendment to the amendment. Mr. Stanton then moved to increase the sum to nineteen thousand dollars. This likewise, after debate, was rejected.

Mr. Bayly's amendment appropriating outfits for Charges to Portugal, New Grenada, Guatemala and Ecuador, being still before the Committee.

Mr. McClernand moved to amend by adding nine thousand dollars as a salary and outfit for a Charge to Nicaragua. He said he understood that the present Charge was about to return, and pressed the importance of the appropriation.

It was agreed to. Yeas 71, nays 48.

Mr. Bayly's amendment, thus amended, was then adopted.

Amendments were made appropriating for city improvements, and fifty thousand dollars for the relief and protection of seamen on Western waters. Others of less importance were adopted, when the Committee rose and the House adjourned.

On the 22nd, the House went into Committee of the Whole, and the Appropriation Bill was taken up. Several amendments were adopted—one to remit the duty of $250 on a bell weighing [illegible],000 pounds, presented to the Bishop of Natchez by a foreign prince.

Among other amendments agreed to were an appropriation of $8,000 for repairs, alterations and furniture for the Custom-House at Portland, Me., and $3,000 for similar objects in Castine, Me.; $55,000 for buildings for Post Offices and Custom-Houses in Cincinnati; $50,000 for the same purposes at St. Louis; $40,000 to purchase a site and building for Custom House at Bangor, Me.; and $[illegible] on a motion offered by Mr. Chandler, for repairs of the Custom House buildings in Philadelphia.

The Committee rose, without making further disposition of the bill.

Mr. Grinnell, of Mass., introduced to the House, S. A. Eliot, his recently elected colleague from the First Congressional District, who, being qualified, took his seat.

The House then adjourned.

On the 23rd, the House went into Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union, and resumed the consideration of the Civil and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill.

Mr. Brown moved to strike out the clause appropriating one thousand seven hundred and sixteen dollars to pay for one hundred and two copies of the 5th volume of the American Archives for the members of the [illegible] Congress. Rejected; yeas 43, nays 73.

Mr. Brown then moved an amendment striking out the delivery of books to members of the twenty-sixth Congress, and ordering them to be retained until disposed of by Congress. Agreed to.

Similar amendments, with regard to the appropriation of nineteen hundred dollars for members of the twenty-seventh Congress, were adopted.

The clause being under consideration to enable the Clerk of the House to pay for five thousand five hundred and forty-four copies of the Congressional Globe, and the same number of the appendix, at three dollars each, making thirty-three thousand two hundred and sixty-four dollars.

Mr. McClernand offered an amendment to pay the proprietors of the Daily Globe fifteen thousand dollars, for publishing two thousand volumes of the proceedings of the House. After debate, this was adopted: yeas 93, nays [illegible].

Mr. Brown, of Miss., moved an amendment, which was adopted, appropriating ten thousand dollars for binding the books.

Mr. McLane offered an amendment, appropriating one hundred thousand dollars to pay the public printer for amounts actually expended, with [illegible] per cent. as profits.

An amendment was adopted, appropriating twenty-three thousand five hundred dollars for one hundred copies each of the Congressional Globe and Register of Debates, to be deposited in the Congress Library, for the use of members.

Other amendments were acted upon, when the clause for the payment of taxes due on the Mint at Philadelphia, for which a judgment has been obtained, and on which ten thousand dollars had been paid, was taken up. Mr. Orr moved to strike out the appropriation, and after considerable debate, this was agreed to. The Committee then rose, and the House adjourned.

On the 24th, the House went into Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union, and took up the Civil and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill.

Mr. Hampton offered the following as an additional section:—"That from and after thirty days after the passage of this bill, the duties imposed by the act entitled 'an act reducing the duties on imports and for other purposes,' approved July 30, 1846, shall be levied on goods, wares and merchandise, imported into the United States, agreeably to the average value which the same goods bore in the principal markets of the United States, during the year ending June 30, 1846, to be ascertained and fixed under the direction of the Secretary of the Treasury."

Mr. Toombs rose to a point of order, and said this was an appropriation bill, and the object of the amendment was to raise revenue.

The Chairman said the amendment was not in order. Mr. Stevens, of Penn., appealed from the Chairman's decision. The question being taken, the Chair was sustained, yeas 91, nays 77.

All the sections of the bill were acted on, when the committee rose, and at 10 minutes past 4 o'clock the House adjourned.

Miscellaneous.

NEW COTTON.

There always had existed an emulation among the cotton planters, not only of this, but of other sections of the Union, to have the eclat of sending the first bale of new cotton to market. The early announcement of the arrival of new cotton, no matter how small the quantity, generally, we may say always, has an unfavorable effect upon the European markets and buyers, for it is considered as an indication that the new crop will soon be coming forward in large quantities, and will be rapidly thrown upon the European markets on the top of the stock, (frequently a heavy one) remaining from the importations of the past season.

The general advices which have gone forward this year on the subject of the growing crop, are that it was four to five weeks behind the usual time of former years, and which is no doubt the fact, as regards the great bulk of it, which will be unusually late in coming to market. This impression, which was very general in Europe, has had a favorable effect there, and given confidence to purchasers, in consequence of the conviction that there would be at least four weeks additional consumption beyond former years, ere the old stock before the new crop would come forward, which would then arrive upon comparatively bare markets. All this good effect, however, is at once destroyed by the anxiety of some planter to get the first bale of new cotton to market, to accomplish which, he probably even uses artificial means to ripen his bolls. The fact is immediately announced in the papers, the information goes forward by the next steamer, and the foreign purchasers at once raise the cry that the new crop will be forward upon them immediately, and prices are consequently affected unfavorably.

The effect will probably be peculiarly unfortunate this season, in consequence of the fact we have already stated, of the general impression in Europe as to the backwardness of the growing crop; for as soon as the spinners and speculators hear that the first bale of new cotton reached this city last week, only two days later than the first bale of last year, they will naturally hold back, under the impression that the crop will come forward within the same time and at the same ratio after the receipt of the first bale, as it has done in former seasons, but which, in point of fact, will not be the case. With regard to the bale which has been announced as arriving in this city, so great was the anxiety of the party, that he would not even wait until he could collect an entire bale, but sent what was only about half a one, as it weighed but two hundred and forty pounds; yet so important was its arrival considered, that the fact was telegraphed by more than one house to New York, in order to be transmitted the more promptly to Liverpool by the first steamer. That bale of two hundred and forty pounds may probably make a difference to the cotton planters whose crops find a market at New Orleans, of half a million of dollars or more; for even if it may not produce any actual decline, it may check a further advance, and, at any rate, must and will act unfavorably to a greater or less extent. The same thing, however, we notice, has been done at Mobile and Tallahassee, at both of which places we see the arrival of "the first bale" of new cotton is announced in staring capitals, the parties who sent them not reflecting on the injury they thus inflict on themselves and fellow planters.—*N. O. Commercial Bulletin.*

TWO CONUNDRUMS.

The reader may puzzle his brains over the following two conundrums. What is that which God never saw, Washington and Wellington seldom saw, and we see every day? An equal.

Why was St. Paul like a horse? Because he loved Timothy.

Saturday Evening Post.—We are not in the habit of puffing Eastern papers; but we are induced at this time, from its merits, to say a word in favor of this paper. Under its present conductors, it is one of the best publications of the kind that has come under our observation. It is a mammoth sheet, filled with excellent literary matter, and those wishing to subscribe for an Eastern paper could not do better than to subscribe for the Post.—*New Castle (Pa.) Journal.*

General News.

FROM CALIFORNIA.

The Philadelphia, Captain Pearson, arrived at New York from Chagres, brought on freight one million of gold dust. The news from the mines is favorable. Many murders, however, have been committed by Chilians and Mexicans on American miners. New diggings are daily discovered.

A thirty-pound lump has been found—containing, by test, twenty-three pounds of pure gold. It was dug from a ravine, by William H. Julius, of New York city, and John Greves, of New Orleans. They kept the matter a profound secret, and started off to Marysville, where they were offered $10,000 for it, which they refused. They are exhibiting it at McKnight's, Sutter Hotel, at fifty cents per head. The ravine from which this mammoth lump was taken is nothing more than a small brook running through a flat; the ground rises gently on the sides, and is covered with a rich coat of grass. It was found about two feet below the surface. The young men are on their way home, and expect to realize a fortune from exhibiting it in the States.

A fight among the notorious pugilists and gamblers, Chris. Lilly, T. Belcher Kay, Tom Hyer, Dutch Charley, Johnny Ling, and Tom O'Donnell, came off in San Francisco. We were not aware till now that the States were so fortunate as to be rid of these characters. California needs a strong government now, if ever she did.

Much difficulty has arisen about land titles. The large grants claimed under Mexican title have placed all of the best locations in the country in the hands of a few, who think it legitimate to assert their ownership in cases where the settler considers the title imperfect.

Colonel Fremont's agent has some trouble in levying contributions upon those who are mining in the immense region claimed as the property of Colonel Fremont. Thousands are upon the claim, and they perfectly hooted at the collector when he talked about rent.

Heavy gales have occurred in the harbor and town of San Francisco.

POLITICAL ITEMS.

Missouri.—It is a pretty well ascertained fact, that the Whigs in this State have elected four out of the five Congressmen, making a Whig gain of four members for the thirty-second Congress. The other is a Benton man.

Indiana.—The result of the election held in this State on the 5th inst., has been fully ascertained. The Democrats have a majority of 29 in the Convention to frame a new Constitution; and in the State Legislature, the same party has, on joint ballot, a majority of 45.

Virginia.—The Hon. Henry A. Wise has been elected to the Virginia State Convention. A large majority in favor of Reform is believed to be elected.

☞ The Mass Convention at Macon, Ga., was attended by about fifteen hundred persons. The principal speakers were Messrs. Rhett, Yancey and Colquitt. The Nashville Convention was fully endorsed.

Iowa Election.—It is now ascertained that the Democrats of Iowa have carried their whole State ticket, the two Congressmen and both Houses of the Legislature. In Keosauqua, the Mormon precinct, the Whigs had 371 votes, the Democrats 94. Henn, the Democratic candidate in that district, has about 500 majority.

We learn from the St. Louis Union, that if Benton is defeated as a candidate for the Senate, he will at once offer himself as a candidate for Congress in 1852, and stump the State till that time.

The Scientific Convention at New Haven.—This body is still in session at New Haven, and some of the papers read before it are interesting and valuable. Among those read, on Thursday week, was one giving the results of two analysis of coal ashes, one white and the other red, showing their value for agricultural purposes, on account of the sulphates of lime and magnesia which they contain, and also from the phosphoric acid and alkalies. Hundreds of tons which are now wasted might thus be brought into use. Another paper, by Dr. Hayes, was read, on the assumed existence of ammonia in the general atmosphere. The object of this paper was to show that ammonia is not found to be a general constituent of the atmosphere, but that the ammonia found by chemical analysis of the air near the surface of the earth is derived from an organic substance discovered by Zimmerman, and called by him Pyrrhine. To this substance, which exists universally in rain and snow water, Dr. Hayes attributes the fertilizing effects of snow, rain, and the water contained in arable soils. He adduced instances of very rapid vegetation as produced by the formation of Pyrrhine in fermenting mold. Dr. Hayes regards ammonia as being a poison to plants, though he attaches great value to it as a neutralizing agent to acids of soils and as serving to convey other ingredients, such as carbonic acid and the organic acids of soils, into the circulation of plants.

Electrical Ladies.—According to Professor Loomis, young ladies need never complain of the want of sparks, for all that they have to do is to rub the sole of their shoes upon the woollen carpets, and they may be created in any abundance. The facts he states in regard to electrical houses are rather curious. One lady could never touch the speaking tube, to give orders to the servants, but she got a shock, and whenever she touched the chandelier, suspended from the ceiling, she drew forth a snap. The friction of the shoes on the carpet creates electricity abundantly. The carpet, or at least, its upper surface, must be entirely of wool, and of a close texture, in order to furnish an abundance of electricity. Heavy velvet carpets answer this purpose best. By skipping once or twice across a room with a sliding motion of the feet, a person becomes highly charged, and then upon bringing the knuckle near to any metallic body, particularly if it have good communication with the earth, a bright spark passes. In almost any room which is furnished with a woollen carpet, and kept tolerably warm, a spark may be obtained in winter, but in some rooms the insulation is so good, and the carpets are so electrical, that it is impossible to cross the room without exciting sufficient electricity to give a spark.

Western Virginia.—Western Virginia has, of late years, had the reputation of being inimical to slavery, on account of the character of the emigrants who have settled there. Colonel T. S. Haymond, who represents the Wheeling District in Congress, has published a letter in the Fredericksburg (Virginia) News, saying that there are not twenty Free-Soilers in North-Western Virginia. He denies the assertion made in various papers of Eastern Virginia, that the people West of the Alleghanies were desirous of forming a separate State, free from slavery.

Beautiful Phenomenon.—At Hagerstown, Maryland, on Sunday of last week, about 12 o'clock, two rings, having the color of the rainbow, were observed around the sun. The inner circle was much the brighter, and far enough from the sun to be looked upon for a short time with the naked eye. The outer ring was less brilliant, but of the brightness of the ordinary rainbow. There were light fleecy clouds in the atmosphere at the time the rings were first seen—but the clouds becoming heavy, they disappeared. They were, however, visible for an hour.

Meteoric Phenomenon.—At the Queen's Hospital, Birmingham, a meteoric ball was seen to enter through one of the panes of glass in the window, and pass to the fire-place, where it exploded like a pistol. It was about the size of an egg, had the appearance of a star, and, singular to state, did not break or crack the glass through which it passed, or leave any mark whatever.—The entire building was shaken. A few minutes afterwards another ball entered through a doorway, and two of the nurses were enveloped in flames.

Mackerel.—Half a million of mackerel were taken in one day, at Slapton Sands, near Dartmouth, Coast of England. The whole bay, extending nearly five miles, seemed one living mass of fish. The price in the morning was one shilling per hundred, but this was soon reduced to sixpence, and towards evening it fell to sixpence a donkey load. About 70,000 were left on the sands unsold, and the next day they were purchased by the farmers for manure.

Toombs and Stephens' Fugitive Slaves.—Mr. Toombs's negro, who escaped some time since from Washington, after being wounded by the police, has returned to his master, and is now under confinement. It is said that Mr. Stephens has given his servant (who ran away at the same time, but was apprehended,) his freedom, saying that he would not have a negro that preferred the abolitionists to himself.

Board of Health.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 237—adults 57, and children 180.

NEW YORK MARKETS, AUG. 24.

The movement in Cotton continues, and the market is firmer. To-day some 5,000 bales have changed hands, making for the week 25,000, a greater portion for export. Quotations are: Middling Uplands 12½c; Mobile 13a13½c, and New Orleans 13½a13½c. The stock on hand is about 35,000 bales.

Ashes—The market rules dull. Holders of Pots want $6,12½, while buyers refuse to go above $6. Sales 30 bbls Pearls at $6.

In Flour there is a fair demand and the sales made are at some concession. They embrace 7,500 bbls at $4,25a4,44 for old and new common and straight State; $4,44a4,50 for choice old do. fresh ground; $4,56a4,62½ for do. made from New wheat, and $5 37a5,62 for pure Genesee. Included in the sales were 2,500 bbls sour Canadian at $3 62½.

Southern Flour is dull and heavy; 900 bbls were sold at $5,18a5,31.

In Rye Flour 200 bbls sold at $2,90; Meal is $3,12½, with sales of 130 bbls.

Grain—In Wheat, the market is dull and lower. New Genesee is held at $1,15 and $1,12 offered. Sales 1,000 bushels inferior Canada at 80c, and 1,600 common Ohio at 90c. Rye is firmer, and 2,800 bushels were disposed of at 70a72c, delivered. The market is easier for Corn, and the sales are 15,000 bushels Western mixed at 62a64½. Oats are the same. Sales 5,000 bushels Canada at 41c. The range for Northern is 43a43½.

Freights—Engagements 3,000 bbls Flour for Liverpool at 1s 9d. A cargo of Cotton for do at ¼d.

Oil Cake—Sales 40 tons oblong in casks, at $24.

Whiskey—The operations comprise 100 bbls Prison at 29½c, and that price refused for more.

Provisions—The demand for Pork is moderate; sales not exceeding 300 bbls at $10 [illegible]a10,37 for mess, and $8,31a8,37 for prime.

In Beef there were sales 75 bbls country mess at $8 12½a8,25.

Cut Meats are in demand at 5¼a5½c for Shoulders, and 5¾a6c for Hams.

Of Lard the sales reach 275 bbls at 6¾a6½, the latter rate for strictly prime.

Hemp—Sales have been made of 500 bales Manilla, to go out of the market, at full prices, and 200 bales Dew Rotted American at $117,50, 6 mos.

Wool—The demand is fair, and market without special change. Pulled No. 1 is 34a35c.

ALMANAC.

Aug., 1850.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES
31 Saturday,	5 31	6 29	8 45	
1 Sunday,	5 32	6 28	9 45	D. H. M.
2 Monday,	5 33	6 27	10 45	
3 Tuesday,	5 35	6 25	11 46	
4 Wednesday,	5 36	6 24	12 47	Last 6 12 27
5 Thursday,	5 37	6 23	1 33	New 13 3 20
6 Friday,	5 39	6 21	2 19	First 21 7 39
7 Saturday,	5 40	6 20	3 12	Full 21 4 51

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

		9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
Aug.	18,	70	77	80
	19,	69	75	75
	20,	65	67	67
	21,	67	73	78
	22,	68	74	82
	23,	72	71	76
	24,	75	82	85

Marriages.

On the 21st inst. by the Rev. Charles Brown, Mr Albert O. Snyder, of Spring Garden, to Miss Sarah A. Smith, daughter of the late Henry Smith, of Blockley Township.

On the 21st inst. by the Rev E. W. Gilbert, D. D., Warwick M. Ogelsby, formerly of Harrisburg, Pa to Miss Margaret M. Shoemaker, of Philadelphia.

On the 20th instant, by the Rev John A. McKean, Thomas H. Parker, to Miss Clara S. Phillips, all of Southwark.

On the 15th inst. by the Rev David Shields, Mr A. T. Hilands of this city, to Miss Mary Elwell, of Camden, N. J.

On the 14th instant, by the Rev Isaac Leeser, Mr Isaac Nathans to Henrietta, daughter of Rowland Crosman, Esq. all of this city.

On the 20th inst. by the Rev. David Shields, Mr Isaiah Buddy, to Miss Theodosia R. Saxton, both of this city.

On the 21st of July, by the Rev. A. Macklen, Mr Frederick Massey, to Miss Jane Neill, all of Philadelphia.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. John Street, Mr Abraham Armstrong, to Miss Elizabeth M. See, all of this city.

On the 22d inst. by the Rev. Thos. G Allen, Mr William A. Higgins, to Miss [illegible] L. Potter.

On the 31st ult. by the Rev. D. [illegible], Mr. Samuel Hackett, to Miss Jane Pauley, both of West Kensington.

On the 19th inst. by the same, Mr. John Tierney, to Miss Elizabeth Withington, both of West Kensington.

On the 21st inst. by the Hon. R. M. Lee, Recorder of the city of Philadelphia, Mr. [illegible] A. Porter, to Miss Eliza Tarr, both of Philadelphia.

On the 4th of April last, by the Rev. C. Karsner, Mr. Byron Danby, to Miss Elizabeth Wise, all of this city.

On the 20th instant, at Chesnut Hill, Philadelphia county, Pa. by the Rev. Wm. Neill, D. D., Ambrose W. Neff, of Cincinnati, to Rebecca M. daughter of Dr. Jas Smith.

On the 18th inst. by the Rev. W. Lord, Alexander Harper, to Miss Anna W. Buye, both of this city.

On the 15th inst. by the Rev. J. Walker, Mr. John Ball, to Miss Mary Lomasney, all of Philadelphia.

Deaths.

On the 22d inst. Mrs. Catharine Bowley, aged 78.

On the 23d inst. John D Griscom, Jr. aged 5 years and 4 months.

On the 2d instant, Sarah Ann, wife of Ellwood Ivins, aged 27 years.

On the 21st inst. Mr. John Earle, aged 25 years.

On the 22d inst. William Hall, aged 29 years.

On the 22d instant, Eliza, wife of Wm. B. Trout, aged 34 years.

On the 22d inst. Alex. McCurdy, aged 72 years.

On the 22d inst. Mrs. Margaret Armstrong, aged 25 years.

On the 23d inst. Whittemore, son of Wesley Rogers, aged 10 months.

On the 22d inst. Edward James, son of Hugh and Mary Donnelly, aged 10 months.

On the 21st inst. Sarah Jane, daughter of Jos. and the late Rebecca Caldwell, aged 7 months.

On the 22d inst. William John, son of Arthur and Margaret Threw, aged 13 months.

On the 22d inst. Isabella Field, aged 15 years.

On the 21st inst. William Beaumont, aged 51.

On the 21st inst. Mrs. Mary A. Castles, aged 77.

On the 20th instant, at the Brandywine Springs, Joseph Hartshorne, M. D. of this city, aged 71.

On the 21st inst. Charles, son of Alex. and Ann Hasler, aged 23 months.

On the 15th inst. Mr. Charles Burd, aged 28.

On the 21st inst. at Brownsville, Texas, Mr. Henry Nixon, son of the late Henry Nixon, Esq. of this city.

On the 21st inst. Thomas Helverton, son of Robt. and Annie Boxter, aged 2 years and 27 days.

On the 22d inst. at Moorestown, N. J., Samuel Chiverin, aged 73 years.

On the 20th inst. Mary, wife of R. Howell.

On the 21st inst. John Patterson, aged 83.

On the 19th inst. at Cape May, Mr. Joseph Schoneman, aged 4[illegible] years.

On the 20th inst. Rachel Pennel, aged 28 years.

On the 19th inst. Mrs. Mary B. Huston, aged 38.

On the 20th inst. Mrs. Lydia Lord, aged 56 years.

On the 2d instant, at Trinidad de Cuba, Mr. John Harvey, a native of this city.

On the 21st inst. Mrs. Mary McCambridge, aged 50 years.

On the 21st inst. Miss Catharine Pierce, aged 70.

On the 20th inst. James McGarvey, aged 38.

On the 21st inst. Spencer, son of C. S. and Caroline Lorer, aged 7 years.

On the 21st inst. Miss Martha Porter, of old age.

Bank Note List.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by R. Johnston & Co., Brokers, No. 26 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, August 31, 1850.

PENNSYLVANIA	
Philadelphia banks	par
U S bank notes	15 dis
Chambersburg	½ dis
York	½ dis
Berks county	no sale
Gettysburg	½ dis
Carlisle	½ dis
Lewistown	no sale
Brownsville	½ dis
Pittsburg	½ dis
Waynesburg	1 dis
Washington	1 dis
Erie	1½ dis
Susquehanna co [illegible]	[illegible]
Lebanon	par
Lehigh county bk	no sale
Towanda	no sale
Honesdale	1 dis
Harrisburg	½ dis
West Branch	par
Wyoming	par
Middletown	½ dis
Northampton	no sale
Schuylkill Haven	par
Pottsville	par
Danville	par
Relief notes	1a1 dis
NEW JERSEY	
Trenton, Mt Holly, Bridgeton, Salem, Camden, Medford	par
Plainfield	closed
State bk at Morris	failed
Newark, Newtown, Patterson, Morristown, New Brunswick, Middletown Point, Orange, Belvidere, Elizabethtown, Dover, Rahway, Perth Amboy	½ dis
Farmers and Mech. bk. N Bruns	1 dis
N Hope, Del Bridge	failed
Yard. Del Bridge co	10 dis
DELAWARE	
All solvent banks	par
Del City Bk under 5s	½ dis
Other small	½ dis
MARYLAND	
Baltimore banks	½ dis
Mineral bank	½ dis
Salisbury	½ dis
Cecil Bank	½ dis
Frederick county	½ dis
Cumberland	½ dis
Washington county	½ dis
Hagerstown	½ dis
Havre-de-Grace	1 dis
Far & Millers bk	no sale
DIST. OF COLUMBIA	
All solvent banks	½ dis
NEW YORK	
City banks	par a ½ dis
Atlas bank	20 dis
Country banks	½ dis
MAINE	
All solvent banks	½ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE	
All solvent banks	½ dis
VERMONT	
Bank of St Albans	½ dis
All solvent banks	½ dis

CONNECTICUT	
All solvent banks	½ dis
MASSACHUSETTS	
All solvent banks	½ dis
Dorchester and Milton stolen notes	no sale
RHODE ISLAND	
All solvent banks	½ dis
Eagle bk, Bristol	5 dis
Phenix bk, Westerly stolen notes	no sale
CANADA	
Montreal	4 dis
VIRGINIA	
Bk of Va & branches	½ dis
Far Bk & branches	1 dis
Valley Bk & branches	1 dis
Ex Bk & branches	1 dis
Wheeling	1 dis
NORTH CAROLINA	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	1½ dis
SOUTH CAROLINA	
So West R R	1 dis
All solvent banks	1 dis
Small notes	1½ dis
GEORGIA	
Bk of St Mary's	1½ dis
Central bk of Mill	1½ dis
Georgia R R Co	1½ dis
Ruckersville bkg co	—
All solvent banks	1 dis
Small notes	1½ dis
ALABAMA	
Bk of Mobile	1½ dis
Country banks	3 dis
MISSISSIPPI	
All banks	unc
LOUISIANA	
All solvent bks	1½ dis
FLORIDA	
So Life & Trust Co	—
OHIO	
Bk of Wooster	80 dis
Bk. Norwalk	75 dis
Com bk of Scioto	15 dis
All solvent bks	1½ dis
Small notes	1½ dis
KENTUCKY	
All solvent bks	1½ dis
Small notes	1½ dis
INDIANA	
State bank	1½ dis
Small notes	1½ dis
ILLINOIS	
Bank of Illinois	80 dis
State bank	70 dis
Bank of Cairo	—
MISSOURI	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
TENNESSEE	
All solvent banks	3 dis
Bk. East Tenn.	10 dis
MICHIGAN	
Bk of St Clair	no sale
Far's & Mech's	3 dis
ARKANSAS	
All banks	no sale
WISCONSIN	
Mineral Point	—
Bank of Milwaukie	—
IOWA	
Miners Bank	—

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SCROFULA AND DROPSY CURED.—The Case of Mrs. LATTA.—The following highly interesting statement of the cure of Mrs. EUNICE LATTA, well known for her respectability to a large portion of the citizens of Philadelphia, is the most remarkable case upon record, and so well authenticated, that the most skeptical must be satisfied of its correctness.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 1, 1848.

I hereby certify that about five years since I was attacked with a scrofulous affection of the throat. It continued to spread, extending its destructive influences to the head and limbs, where it manifested itself by the most agonizing pains, so incessant, as not only to deprive me of sleep, but also of reason, swelling and breaking out in numerous running ulcers of the largest kind, eating and destroying both flesh and bone, which, upon being removed, left such immense cavities and scars, and so disfigured my head and face as to make it difficult for my most intimate friends to recognize any of my former features; my affliction continued to add was rapidly destroying my body and limbs, and had so reduced my strength that becoming perfectly helpless, I was confined to my room, where lingering in the most indescribable misery, neither myself nor friends ever expected my recovery; and to add still further to my sufferings, I became enormously swollen in every part with DROPSY, so that I could not lie down without imminent danger of suffocation. The most skillful physicians were consulted and employed, and much medicine taken, but with no beneficial effect, when despairing of help from that source, I was induced, from the recommendation of a person who had been cured of the same disease, to try DR. JAYNE'S "ALTERATIVE," which, upon using a few bottles, gave me such wonderful relief, that I continued its use until my pains and swellings had subsided, and my ulcers became dried and healed.

I am now in the enjoyment of good health, and some months having elapsed since the disease was arrested, I have every reason to hope that it is completely eradicated from my system.

EUNICE NOBLE LATTA.
No. 280 North Tenth street.

We the undersigned, citizens of Philadelphia, do hereby certify that we are well acquainted with Mrs. Eunice Latta, (formerly Thatcher) and that she has been afflicted as above represented, and was considered past recovery, but is now in the enjoyment of health, through the agency of DR. JAYNE'S invaluable ALTERATIVE.

James F. Callbreath, 59 North 8th street.
Arthur Thatcher, } Hardware Merchants,
James J. Duncan, } 177½ Market st.
Geo. W. Duncan, }

The subscriber is well acquainted with Mrs. Eunice Latta. She is a worthy member of my church; she has long been greatly afflicted with disease, and is now comparatively restored to health. Reliance may be placed in her statements.

John McDowell, D. D.,
Pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Spring Garden.
Dec. 7th, 1848.

I concur with Dr. McDowell. John L. Grant,
Pastor of the 11th Presbyterian Church, Phila.

I have been acquainted with Mrs. Latta for years; her statement can be fully relied on.

Thomas E. Welsh,
Engraver, 178 Cherry street.

We have been acquainted with Mrs. Latta for several years, and know her to have been greatly afflicted as set forth in her statement, and concur with Dr. McDowell in saying that what she states is worthy of reliance.

Edward Spragen, U. S. Mint.
Wilfred Hall, Agt. of the Phila. Bible Society.
Elders in the 11th Presbyterian Church.

Having known Mrs. Latta for many years and having seen her in the deplorable state of health above described, I cannot help thinking her recovery a most miraculous.

John Robertson, M. D. 9th near Locust.

I concur with the Rev. Dr. McDowell in the above statement of facts, in regard to the extreme sufferings and cure of Mrs. Latta by Dr. Jayne's Alterative.

William Duncan,
Late Adj't and Insp. General of Pa.

I knew Mrs. Latta; was acquainted with her family, when in her deepest affliction. I regard her recovery as almost a miracle. I rely fully in her statements, and cordially concur in the above certificates.

Henry D. Moore,
Pastor of the 2d Independent Church, Philada.

I very frequently had opportunities to see Mrs. Latta when laboring under a combination of diseases, supposed to be incurable. A person more afflicted never came under my observation. I look upon her recovery, through the instrumentality of Dr. Jayne's medicine, as almost miraculous, and feel pleased to recommend Dr. Jayne's Alterative medicine to the afflicted.

George A. Shreeves,
Protestant Methodist Minister, 173 Cherry Street.

I have been acquainted with Mrs. Latta for several years. Her disease appeared to be incurable, and that death alone could relieve her from her sufferings. Her recovery, which she attributes to the use of Dr. Jayne's Alterative Medicine, may truly be considered miraculous.

Wm. Sidebaker,
Pub. of Sartain's Union Magazine, 3rd and Walnut, and United States Navy Agent.

CITY OF PHILADELPHIA, } ss.
State of Pennsylvania, }

I John Swift, Mayor of the City of Philadelphia, do hereby certify that I have seen the original signatures in the above testimonials as to a certain cure performed on Mrs. Eunice Noble Latta of said city, and I know a number of them to be genuine, and believe them all to be so, and that the statements over each are entitled to full faith and credit.

In testimony whereof I have hereto set my hand and affixed the Corporate Seal of said City on the second day of April, A. D. eighteen hundred and forty-nine.

JOHN SWIFT, Mayor.

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ag 30-3m

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The attention of the reader is called to the following astonishing cure, effected by the use of Sands' Sarsaparilla:

This is to certify, that I have a coloured woman who has been afflicted for the last five years with Scrofula, and all the remedies I used had no effect in arresting the progress of the complaint; on the contrary, she constantly grew worse; and after expending between $70 and $80 with physicians, besides using other popular remedies without success, till the disease had eaten away the cartilage of her nose, made its appearance on various parts of her body, and had finally commenced its ravages in the roof of her mouth.

In this dreadful situation, with the prospect of death staring her in the face, I stated her case to Dr. Dismway, the agent for Sands' Sarsaparilla in Newbern, N. C., by whom I was advised to use that article, and to my surprise and that of my neighbors, to whom her case was known, after using four and a half bottles she was restored to perfect health, and that in the space of three weeks, and was able to work in two weeks from the time she commenced taking it.

In witness of the truth of this statement, I have hereunto affixed my name, this 19th day of September, 1847. JOSEPH McCOTTER, J. P.
Mouth of Neuse River, Craven Co., N. C.

SORE THROAT.

The following is an extract from a letter received from Mrs. Bevan, who had been afflicted several years with Scrofulous Ulcers, Dyspepsia, &c., and recently an affection of the throat and chest:

Baileysburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1846.

Messrs. A. B. & D. Sands: Before I commenced using your Sarsaparilla, my suffering were almost past expression; my throat was completely ulcerated, I had a dreadful cough, and there were frequently weeks together that I could not speak above a whisper; and besides, the inflammation from my throat extended to my head, so that my hearing was very much impaired. After taking the Sarsaparilla a short time, my health improved, and my throat is now well; I am as free from cough and tightness of the chest as ever I was, and can hear quite distinctly. My throat has been well about three months, the cure of which has been effected entirely by the use of your Sarsaparilla.

Your friend, LOUISA B. BEVAN.

The following testimonial to the value of the Sarsaparilla, is from the Rev. Luther Wright, aged 78 years, Congregational Minister, residing at Woburn:

Woburn, Mass., March 30th, 1847.

Messrs. Sands—Gentlemen—From what I have experienced, and from the information I have recently received from a number of persons of high respectability who have used your Sarsaparilla, I have not the least doubt but that it is a most valuable medicine, and that the numerous certificates you have received of its efficacy are fully sustained by experience, and although its reputation and utility are very extensive, and stand in no need of my humble efforts to increase them, I want all who are afflicted by disease to become acquainted with the efficacy and power of your valuable medicine.

I am, gentlemen, gratefully and very respectfully yours, LUTHER WRIGHT.

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THE BELLE AND THE BLUE—A Novelet, by CAROLINE LEE HENTZ, author of "The Mob Cap," "Aunt Patty's Scrap Bag," &c.

When the above list has been gone through with, OTHERS EQUALLY ATTRACTIVE WILL FOLLOW, the Proprietors of the POST being determined not to be surpassed in this department by any cotemporary.

But the columns of the POST are not for fiction (however instructive and impressive) alone. We shall continue to devote a large portion of the paper to more

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such as is calculated to improve the intellect, and to ennoble and purify the heart.—Whatever is best in the pages of the foreign and domestic magazines and reviews, shall be laid under contribution to inform and enlighten our readers.

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shall also be, as heretofore, carefully sifted, and what is important treasured in our columns.

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In short, whatever is calculated to refine, instruct, amuse, or gratify, shall find its appropriate place in the POST; and let the reader mark one thing, whatever others may *promise*, we will not be behind in the *performance*. A paper that has stood for twenty-eight years, steadily progressing all that time, and which has now perhaps the *largest* list of subscribers of any weekly paper in the United States, is not to be left behind in the race by *any* rival. The *increase* alone of our subscription list last year, is equal to the *whole circulation* of many of our imitators.

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Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.—We regard this paper as the best of the large weekly papers which come from Philadelphia. It is published by Deacon & Peterson and edited by Henry Peterson. The publishers announce five original novelets, to be published during the next volume, which commences with the new year. For the excellence of its stories, its poetry, and all its selections, and the ability evinced in its editorials, the Post has no superior. There is in its columns an indication of unceasing industry, and indefatigable energy, on the part of its gentlemanly publishers, which cannot fail to place it at the head of American papers.—*Lynn News.*

☞ The Saturday Evening Post is the best of our Philadelphia weeklies. It is devoted to matter of an instructing character, and is free from that frivolity which tends only to weaken the mind and deprave the taste. During the coming year many new and original contributions, drawn from life, will adorn its columns, and also a new series of Grace Greenwood's spirited letters.—*Tribune, Lockhaven, Pennsylvania.*

☞ The Best Literary Paper published in Philadelphia is the Saturday Evening Post. The paper contains 36 columns of useful and interesting reading, news, &c. We recommend it to all who desire a good family newspaper.—*Palladium, Molone, New York.*

☞ The Philadelphia "Saturday Evening Post," is one of the very best literary papers in the country. Its high moral tone renders it a truly valuable paper for the family circle. If all the widely circulated newspapers were as pure in sentiment and morals as the Post, we should have a vast deal less suffering, misery and debauchery than is now abroad in the land. Some papers, instead of rebuking vice, pander to the lowest and basest passions of men, but the "Post" is not of that class.—*Gazette, Decatur, Indiana.*

☞ The Saturday Post—a mammoth sheet, and the best literary and family newspaper in Philadelphia, if not in the world—is now about entering upon its thirtieth volume. Its prospectus for the coming year promises great attractions.—*Democrat, Montrose, Pennsylvania.*

MEDICAL COLLEGE OF OHIO.
SESSION OF 1850-51.

THE THIRTY-FIRST ANNUAL SESSION OF THIS INSTITUTION, will open on the first Monday in November next, and close on the last of February, under the following arrangements:

John T. Shotwell, M. D., Professor of Anatomy.
John Locke, M. D., Professor of Chemistry and Pharmacy.
L. M. Lawson, M. D., Professor of Physiology and Pathology.
T. O. Edwards, M. D., Professor of Materia Medica and Therapeutics and Medical Jurisprudence.
R. D. Mussey, M. D., Professor of Surgery.
Landon C. Rives, M. D., Professor of Obstetrics and the Diseases of Women and Children.
John Bell, M. D., Professor of Theory and Practice of Medicine.
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☞ The following branches will be included in the course: *Anatomy, Chemistry, Pharmacy, Physiology, Pathology, Materia Medica, Therapeutics, Medical Jurisprudence, Medical Botany, Surgery, Diseases of Females, Diseases of Children, Practical Medicine, and Physical Diagnosis.*

☞ The Dissecting Rooms will be opened for classes on the 1st of October.

☞ Clinical Lectures, on Medicine and Surgery, will be delivered at the Commercial Hospital three times a week.

OCTOBER LECTURES.

A Course of Lectures will be delivered by the Faculty, (free of charge,) commencing on the first of October, and embracing the following subjects:

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☞ Also, Clinical Lectures at the Commercial Hospital.

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Further information may be obtained by addressing the Dean. L. M. LAWSON, M. D.,
Dean of the Faculty.
South side of Sixth st., between Walnut and Vine.
Cincinnati, July, 1850. aug3-eow3t

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Students who have attended two full courses in other schools,	30.00
Matriculation fee, paid only once,	5.00
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Graduation fee,	30.00

The Commencement will take place early in March.

FACULTY.

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William S. Helmuth, M. D., *Professor of Homœopathic Institutes, and the Practice of Medicine.*
Samuel Freedley, M. D., *Professor of Botany, and Medical Jurisprudence.*
Charles Neidhard, M. D., *Professor of Clinical Medicine.*
Walter Williamson, M. D., *Professor of Obstetrics, and the Diseases of Women and Children.*
Alvan E. Small, M. D., *Professor of Physiology and Pathology.*
Matthew Semple, M. D., *Professor of Chemistry and Toxicology.*
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Selected Poetry.

THE SEER.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

I hear the far-off voyager's horn,
I see the Yankee's trail—
His foot on every mountain pass,
On every stream his sail.

He's whistling round St. Mary's Falls,
Upon his loaded wain;
He's leaving on the Pictured Rocks
His fresh tobacco-stain.

I hear the mattock in the mine,
The axe-stroke in the dell,
The clamor from the Indian lodge,
The Jesuit's chapel bell.

I see the swarthy trapper come,
From Mississippi's springs;
And war-chiefs, with their painted brows,
And crests of Eagle's wings.

Behind the scared squaw's birch canoe,
The steamer smokes and raves;
And city lots are staked for sale,
Above old Indian graves.

By forest, lake, and water-fall,
I see the peddler's show;
The mighty mingling with the mean,
The lofty with the low.

I hear the tread of pioneers,
Of nations yet to be;
The first low wash of waves, where soon
Shall roll a human sea.

The rudiments of empire here,
Are plastic yet, and warm;
The chaos of a mighty world
Is rounding into form.

Each rude and jostling fragment soon
Its fitting place shall find—
The raw material of a State,
Its muscle and its mind!

And, Westering still, the star which leads
The New World in its train,
Has tipped with fire the icy spears
Of many a mountain chain.

The snowy cones of Oregon,
Are kindled on its way;
And California's golden sands
Gleam brighter in its ray!

The Gold Region.

LIFE IN CALIFORNIA.

[The following interesting extracts are from a work recently published by Walter Colton, late Alcalde of Monterey, called "*Two Years in California*."]

MARRIAGE IN CALIFORNIA.

It is said the Californians are born on horseback, it may also be said they are married on horseback. The day the marriage contract is agreed on between the parties, the bridegroom's first care is to buy or borrow the best horse to be found in his vicinity. At the same time he has to get, by one of these means, a silver-mounted bridle, and a saddle with embroidered housings. This saddle must have, also, at its stern, a bridal pillion, with broad aprons flowing down the flanks of the horse. These aprons are also embroidered with silk of different colors, and with gold and silver thread. Around the margin runs a string of little steel plates, alternated with slight pendants of the same metal. These, as the horse moves, jingle like a thousand mimic bells.

The bride, also, comes in for her share of these nuptial preparations. The bridegroom must present her with at least six entire changes of raiment, nor forgetting, through any sentiment of delicacy, even the chemise. Such an oversight might frustrate all his hopes, as it would be construed into a personal indifference—the last kind of indifference which a California lady will forgive. He therefore hunts this article with as much solicitude as the Peri the gift that was to unlock Paradise. Having found six which are neither too full nor too slender, he packs them in rose-leaves, which seem to flutter like his own heart, and sends them to the lady as his last bridal present. She might naturally expect him to come next.

The wedding-day having arrived, the two fine horses, procured for the occasion, are led to the door, saddled, bridled and pillioned. The bridegroom takes up before him the god-mother, and the god-father the bride, and thus they gallop away to the church. The priest, in his richest robes, receives them at the altar, where they kneel, partake of the sacrament, and are married. This over, they start on their return—but now the gentlemen change partners. The bridegroom, still on the pillion, takes up before him his bride. With his right arm he steadies her on the saddle, and in his left hand holds the reins. They return to the house of the parents of the bride, where they are generally received with a discharge of musketry. Two persons, stationed at some convenient place, now rush out and seize him by his legs, and, before he has time to dismount, deprive him of his spurs, which he is obliged to redeem with a bottle of brandy.

The married couple then enter the house, where the near relatives are all waiting in tears to receive them. They kneel down before the parents of the lady, and crave a blessing, which is bestowed with patriarchal solemnity. On rising, the bridegroom makes a signal for the guests to come in, and another for the guitar and harp to strike up. Then commences the dancing, which continues often for three days, with only brief intervals for refreshment, but none for slumber; the wedded pair must be on their feet, their dilemma furnishes food for good-humored gibes and merriment. Thus commences married life in California. The stream, it is to be hoped, is much smoother than its fount.

THE GRIZZLY BEAR.

The grizzly bear is the most formidable and ferocious animal in California; and yet, with all this ferocity of disposition, rarely attacks a man unless surprised or molested. The fellow never lies in wait for his victim. If the hunter invades his retreat or disputes his path he will fight, but otherwise contents himself with the immunity which he finds in the wildness of his home and the savage grandeur of his nature. It is never safe to attack him with one rifle; for if you fail to hit him in a vital part, he is on you in the twinkling of an eye. Your only possibility of escape is up a near tree, too slender for his giant grasp; and then there is something extremely awkward in being on the top of a tree with such a savage monster at its root. How long he will remain there you cannot tell; it may be a day, and it may be a week. Your antagonist is too shrewd to hand you up your rifle, or let you come down to get it. You are his prisoner more safely lodged than in a dungeon, and he will set you at liberty when it suits him. He sleeps not himself at his post; day and night his great flashing eyes are fastened upon you. The lyre of Orpheus may have lulled to sleep the sentinel of Hades, but its magic tones have never charmed to slumber the sentinel of the California forest.

The full-grown California bear measures from eight to ten feet in length, and four or five in girth. His strength is tremendous—his embrace death. Had the priest of Apollo fallen into his folds, he would have perished without any of those protracted agonies which the sympathetic muse has wailed round the world. Nature has thrown over him a coat of mail, soft indeed, but impervious to the storm and the arrow of the Indian. The fur, which is of a dark brown color, is nearly a span long, and when the animal is enraged each particular hair stands on end. His food in the Summer is chiefly berries, but he will now and then, on some of his feast-days, slaughter a bullock. In Winter he lives on acorns, which abound in these forests. He is an excellent climber, and will ascend a large oak with the rapidity of a tar up the shrouds of his ship. In procuring his acorns, when on the tree he does not manifest his usual cunning. Instead of threshing them down like the Indian, he selects a well-stocked limb, throws himself upon its extremity, and there hangs swinging and jerking till the limb gives way, and down they come, branch, acorns and bear together. On these acorns he becomes extremely fat, yielding ten or fifteen gallons of oil, which is said to be sufficiently pungent and nutritive as a tonic to tuft a statue's marble head.

The she bear has one peculiarity that must puzzle even the philosophical inquirer. As soon as she discovers herself with young, she ceases to roam the forest, and modestly retires from the presence of others, to some secluded grotto. There she remains, while her male companion, with a consideration that does honor to his sex, brings her food. She reappears at length with her twin cubs, and wo to the luckless wight who should attempt to injure or molest them. They are guarded by an affection and ferocity with which it would be madness to trifle. For them she hunts the berries, and dislodges the acorns. Her maternal care is a beautiful trait in her savage nature, and

"Shines like a good deed in a naughty world."

THE ALCALDE'S SUMMARY METHODS.

A California mother complained to me to-day that her son, a full-grown youth, had struck her. Usage here allows a mother to chastise her son as long as he remains unmarried and lives at home, whatever may be his age, and regards a blow inflicted on a parent as a high offence. I sent for the culprit, laid his crime before him, for which he seemed to care but little, and ordered him to take off his jacket, which was done. Then putting a riata into the hands of his mother, whom Nature had endowed with strong arms, directed her to flog him. Every cut of the riata made the fellow jump from the floor. Twelve lashes were enough; the mother did her duty, and as I had done mine, the parties were dismissed. No further complaint from that quarter.

THE ALCALDE AND HIS MAN BOB.

My man Bob, who is of Irish extraction, and who had been in the mines about two months, returned to Monterey four weeks since, bringing with him over two thousand dollars as the proceeds of his labor. Bob, while in my employ, required me to pay him every Saturday night, in gold, which he put into a little leather bag, and sewed into the lining of his coat, after taking out twelve-and-a-half cents, his weekly allowance of tobacco. But now he took rooms and began to branch out; he had the best horses, the richest viands, and the choicest wines in the place. He never drank himself, but it filled him with delight to brim the sparkling goblet for others. I met Bob to-day, and asked him how he got on?

"Oh, very well," he replied, "but I am off again for the mines."

"How is that, Bob? you brought down with you over two thousand dollars; I hope you have not spent all that; you used to be very saving; twelve-and-a-half cents a week for tobacco, and the rest you sewed into the lining of your coat."

"Oh, yes," replied Bob, "and I have got *that* money yet; I worked for it, and the de'il can't git it away; but the two thousand dollars came aisily by good luck, and has gone as aisily as it came."

Now, Bob's story is only one of a thousand like it in California, and has a deeper philosophy in it than meets the eye. Multitudes here are none the richer for the mines. He who can shake chesnuts from an exhaustless tree, won't stickle about the quantity he roasts.

MONTEREY SOCIETY IN A COCKED HAT.

The gold mines have upset all social and domestic arrangements in Monterey; the master has become his own servant, and the servant his own lord. The millionaire is obliged to groom his own horse, and roll his wheelbarrow; and the hidalgo, in whose veins flows the blood of all the Cortes'—to clean his own boots! Here is Lady L——, who has lived here seventeen years, the pride and ornament of the place, with a broomstick in her jewelled hand! And here is Lady B——, with her daughter,—all the way from "old Virginia," where they graced society with their varied accomplishments—now floating between the parlor and kitchen, and as much at home in the one as the other! And here is Lady S——, whose cattle are on a thousand hills, lifting, like Rachel of old, her bucket of water from the deep well! And here is Lady M. L——, whose honey-moon is still full of soft, seraphic light, unhouseling a potato, and hunting the hen that laid the last egg. And here am I, who have been a man of some note in my day, loafing on the hospitality of the good citizens, and grateful for a meal, though in an Indian's wigwam. Why, is not this enough to make one wish the gold mines were in the earth's flaming centre, from which they sprung? Out on this yellow dust! it is worse than the cinders which buried Pompeii, for there, high and low shared the same fate.

THE ALCALDE DREAMS A DREAM.

I had come to the mines without a pick, but this morning fell in with a trader who had one for sale; his price was $10 in specie, or $18 in gold dust. I gave him the specie; the pick weighed about four pounds, and was of rude manufacture, and without a handle; but this appendage was readily supplied from the limb of an ash. Thus accoutred, I strode down the ravine, not doubting but what I should, before night, strike upon some deposit which would fill my pockets. Passing groups who were engaged in digging into this bank and that, I fell in with a sailor, whom I recognized as one of the men who had been honorably discharged from the Savannah. He was groping about as if in quest of something he had lost.

"What is the matter, Jones?" I inquired.

He sprung to his feet, gave me his rough hand, and pointed to a cliff which overhung the glen.

"There, on that crag," said he, "I have been at work ever since the peep of day, and got out several bits of gold, and one good-sized lump; I put them in my tin cup, when, striking away again, my pick glanced, struck the cup, and knocked it, gold and all, half-way across this ravine; and I might as well hunt a clam in the Pacific as that gold, though it was a jewel of a piece—the biggest I have seen here."

So I laid down my pick, ascended the cliff, ascertained as near as possible the direction in which the cup flew, and commenced the search. Every bunch of leaves, every hole and gulley, were examined, and the cup recovered, but the gold was not in it.

Fatigued, I threw myself into the shade of a scrub oak, and went to sleep; but the gold of poor Jones glanced through my dreams. I saw, in that fantastic realm, a small birch-tree, a bubbling spring at its root, and in its fount a piece of gold. I seemed to know at the time it was only a dream; still the picture remained in my mind so clear, so distinct, that on awaking, I identified at a glance the birch, and springing to its root found the little fount, and with a hoe fetched up the piece of gold!—the same that had been lost, for none other could answer so exactly to the description which had been given. It weighed about three ounces, but did not seem larger than the sparkling eye of the sailor as I placed it in his hand. They may laugh who will at dreams, but now and then some Sibyl leaf floats through them. I tried to dream again where gold might be found; saw plenty of birch-trees and fountains, but never discovered an ingot in either.

TRUE LOVELINESS.

She who thinks a noble heart
Better than a noble mien,
Honors virtue more than art,
Though 'tis less in fashion seen—
Whatsoe'er her fortune be,
She's the bride, the wife for me.

She who deems that inward grace
Far surpasses outward show,
She who values less the face
Than the charm the soul can throw—
Whatsoe'er her fortune be,
She's the bride, the wife for me.

She who knows the heart requires
Something more than lips of dew,
That when love's brief rose expires,
Love itself dies with it, too;
Whatsoe'er her fortune be,
She's the bride, the wife for me.

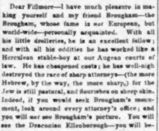
THE END OF POLAND.

The Tribune translates the following from a Polish letter in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*:

"It is daily made more apparent that Poland is hastening to its eternal sleep with gigantic steps. The aristocracy of the Kingdom, who, in spite of all temporary sympathies with the people, are still an aristocracy, have broken with the democracy, and visibly become friendly to the Government. They feel that they cannot satisfy the demands of the democracy without beggaring themselves, and clearly perceive that all national efforts must now be fruitless, because every condition of success is wanting. At the same time, in order to save appearances, it is reported that the Czar is about to make concessions to the Kingdom, and must be met half way, although these very parties are convinced that the Poles, as a nation, have no concessions whatever to expect from him. In a word, the aristocracy of the Kingdom believe that they must choose between their own extinction and a close union with Russia, and they have adopted the latter. This great metamorphosis explains the numerous acts of grace already granted, and perhaps the universal amnesty to be bestowed in December of this year. The Russian policy has taken the marrow out of the Polish nobility, who can as easily resign their existence as their love of show, so that they are ready to yield to the unalterable and postpone that national regeneration about which there has been so much declamation to the day of doom. To this decision the example of Gallicia gives additional weight, where, as they see, the most boundless confusion prevails and the Polish noble hourly trembles in fear of the revenge of his former subjects who have taken possession of his property. They see, too, that if they only go over to the Government they can treat the Jews and the common people in the same arbitrary way as before. In the Grand Duchy of Posen the split is not so evident, but even there the nobility are more and more drawing back from the People's party and the exiles. During the St. John's festival of this year, the nobles have been everywhere publicly blamed for living again in the old luxury, and leaving their unfortunate countrymen in exile to die of hunger. Thus Kosciusko's '*Finis Poloniae*' seems to be approaching its last stage."

Though the above is probably exaggerated, there seems to be no reason for doubting that it is essentially true. The craft of Russian policy is more fatal to the soul of Poland than the sword or the mines of Siberia. The cause which produced the failure of the Revolution of 1831, is that which is put in play to bring about the final event. The aristocracy sacrifice their country rather than their privileges. There is a moral in this tragedy none the less worthy of reflection because it is somewhat trite.

Wit and Humor.



LORD BROUGHAM'S VISIT.

Punch has given his lordship a letter of introduction, to be presented on his visit to this country, of which the following is a copy:—

To Mr. Fillmore, President of the United States, favored by Henry Lord Brougham, Member of the French Institute.

Dear Fillmore—I have much pleasure in making yourself and my friend Brougham—the Brougham, whose fame is *not* European, but world-wide—personally acquainted. With all his little drolleries, he is an excellent fellow; and with all his oddities he has worked like a Herculean stable-boy at our Augean courts of law. He has cheapened costs; he has well-nigh destroyed the race of sharp attorneys—(the more Hebrew, by the way, the more sharp,) for the *Jew* is still pastoral, and flourishes on sheep skin. Indeed, if you would seek Brougham's monument, look around every attorney's office; and you will *not* see Brougham's picture. You will see the Draconian Ellenborough—you will behold, in ebon frame, the doubling Eldon—but you will *not* see the cost-controlling Brougham! His picture, like the effigies of old, is the more lustrous as it is *not* shown!

It appears, dear Fillmore, that your American lawyers have invited Brougham to a fraternally legal conference. I am glad of it. Like invitations have been sent him from the lawyers of the Sandwich Islands, and from certain distinguished legalists of the nation of Caribbees. But Brougham, learning that your necessities as a people are greater than either Sandwich Islander or Carib, pays you the first visit.

And now, dear Fillmore, let us have a little pleasant gossip.

You will, I know—for Jonathan is aboundingly hospitable, with a heart as flowing and free as his Mississippi—you will, I know, give a magnificent welcome to Brougham. But, pray understand this: it may save us a future war—we will not lose our Brougham. I know Henry's ardent, impulsive temperament. You will be giving him a public banquet; and there and then, after a gorgeous description of the mighty energies of your mighty country—after claiming Saxon brotherhood with all of you—he will insist—(and I know the force, the subtlety of his eloquence too well, not to be aware that it will cause you a struggle—a very severe struggle to refuse the favor)—he will insist upon being immediately made an American citizen. But for the extraordinary astuteness (B. has been heard to call it "d——d cross obstinacy") of M. Cremieux, our Brougham would, at this moment, have been a French citizen!—in danger, it may be, of the next Presidency; and, by the way, should you naturalize him, I wouldn't give yourself much chance of a re-election. You will, therefore, be on your guard. Our Henry must return to us; his genius is the property of the Human race—but his citizenship is with England. Take any jewel out of our crown; take if you will our Koh-i-noor, our Mountain of Light, but not our bodily light of Brougham.

Of course, you will show your guest Niagara; but I put it to you as a vital favor, do not let Henry attempt to jump the Falls. Should he insist upon it—which is not at all unlikely—lay the violence of friendly hands upon him, and let him be carried from the spot.

How you will enjoy Brougham after dinner; whilst the American women in the drawing-room will hang upon him, bright and thick, as the stars of your spangled banner. There is no man tells a story with a greater fatness of humor—no man sings a song like him;—by the way, when he is in full force of spirits, *do*—now, *pray don't miss this*—do ask him to sing *The Three Little Pigs!* You will never forget it: from that moment, *The Three Little Pigs* will become dear as your national eagle. Moreover, set some of the women on him—if, which is not at all unlikely, he do not volunteer it—to do the conjuring trick of *The Chestnuts in Chancery*. It has had wonderful success with us during the present season; so much so that the Queen and her Prince invited Brougham to Windsor Castle to play the trick before themselves and children, although (but you, my dear Fillmore, in your free and generous country, you can have little idea of the malignity of party interest) although all notice of the visit and its object, was, it is supposed by the influence of L—d J—n R——ll, meanly excluded from the *Court Circular*.

Brougham will do you much good, and I earnestly hope that the sea voyage and American air will brace him up for the next half century.—Such human gold with all its alloy rarely enriches the generations of men. By the way, I know Henry's philosophic curiosity—his thirst for knowledge; therefore, do not let him too frequently test your gin-sling, your mint-julep, your cobblers, and all that variety of drinks it is a part of the glory of the American genius to offer to the lips of Bacchanal nature.

Brougham has promised me to present this to you in his cosmopolite travelling-dress. Isn't it significant, say, epigrammatic? His coat, half the union jack of England—half the tri-color of France. His waistcoat embroidered with the American eagle, and his trousers the American stripes!

Cherish, honor, love our Henry, and for your love to him, accept the increased admiration of yours ever, PUNCH, 85 Fleet Street.

ORIGINAL AND TRUE.

Mr. Franklin A——, who was a gentleman of good qualities and infinite good humor, used with much pleasantry to relate the following anecdote as having occurred to himself when a young man. A young lady in the neighborhood had won his affections, and he had commenced paying his addresses. During the courtship he sometimes supped with the lady's family, when he was always regaled with a homely dish of mush and milk, and being of a serious turn was generally invited to say grace over the meal. The supper did not taste amiss, as the family of the fair one was in moderate circumstances, and being himself poor he admired such domestic economy; besides, he was satisfied provided he could see his fair dulcinea. "The course of true love," it is said, "never runs smooth," and Frank chanced to have a rival much richer than himself. One evening when he was visiting his charmer, after the board had been spread with the frugal meal of mush and milk, but before the family had taken their seats at the table, some one spied Frank's rival riding up. Immediately a change came o'er the substantial meal. As if by magic, the table was cleared of its load, and naught remained to tell the tale but the clean white cloth. In the course of a short time, however, the table was again furnished, not as before, but with the suitable appendages for making tea, and with warm bread, such as is hastily baked, and in common parlance called "short cake." When all was ready, as was the custom, Brother A—— was invited to say grace, who with due solemnity, hands folded and eyes closed, pronounced the following impromptu benediction:

"The Lord be praised,
For I'm amazed
To see how things have mended;
Here's short cake and tea,
For supper I see,
When mush and milk were intended."

It is almost unnecessary to add that, after this grace, Frank never returned to woo his lady love, but left her to the undisturbed possession of his more fortunate rival.

Mrs. Partington.—"He asked me to go into his henery," said Mrs. Partington, while recounting the story of a visit to an amateur farmer. "Go into your Henry," said I. "I declare I never was so decomposed in my life. If I had an eye like an obelisk I should have struck him dead. I really believe I should. 'I mean my hen-house,' said he, smiling. 'Oh,' said I, 'that's another thing, and we went out into the large and copious yard, and there they were, in a nice looking house in one corner, layer upon layer—such a sight of 'em! Malarias, and Sandyes and Dorcases—gracious, I can't remember the names of half of 'em.' 'And the Solon geese, aunt?' said Ike, who had heard the whole story. 'Yes, and the Solon geese, too, blockhead,' said she, 'and if you knowed as much as they do, you'd be more credit to all of us.' She tapped her box as she said this, and glanced at Ike, and he looked at her good humoredly. Their smiles met half way, and scattering their rays, shed sunshine round the whole circle."—*Pathfinder.*

The Funeral Obsequies.—"What on *earth* do they mean," said Mrs. Partington, "to keep burying President Taylor, and then digging him up again, all over the country! Can't they let him rest quiet, after all his batties? I declare, I'm sick and tired of his funeral *obsequiousness*," and the good old lady sighed.

A FRIGHTENED PASSENGER.

The English coaches appear to be subject to the same crowding and packing process which in hot weather is so universal in steamboats, railroad cars and omnibuses in this vicinity.—We find the following story in one of our exchanges, showing how an unwelcome passenger was got rid of on a dog-day excursion:

Harley, the comedian, was wont to take "sisters and self" down to the sea-side for summer relaxation. On one of the hottest days of an August month, he had engaged three places in "a Brighton four-inside coach;" and, being seated, the little family party were rejoicing that their *trio* had passed Kensington without being converted into a quartette; but, alas! their joy was short-lived; for at Croydon—sweet, rural Croydon—an attorney, nicknamed the "Surrey Elephant," a man of eighteen stones weight, made his appearance for an inside seat. Oh, *mort de ma vie!* a gross-feeding, garlic-eating, cigar-smoking, lozenge-swallowing, eighteen-stone attorney, inside of a small coach in the middle of August! there is suffocation in the very thought! But in he must come; and upon his coming in, behold! the vehicle bows at the first step of the man mountain. Harley, perceiving the discomfort of his sisters, gave a sly hint that he would soon put all to rights.—The Croydon Falstaff had entered, was seated, and the vehicle moves on. Harley now plays the part of a stranger, and asks one of the ladies if pleasure is her sole object in visiting Brighton?

"Oh, no, sir!" is the reply; "I am ordered sea-bathing for a nervous complaint."

The other confessed to muscular rheumatism, and was proceeding in the language of deep lamentation as to the part in which it had fixed when Harley cried out,

"Ah, ladies, what are your maladies to mine! yours may be remedied, but mine, alas! for me there is no relief!"

"Your malady, sir!" said one of the ladies, with a simpering, sympathetic voice; "your malady! why, sir, you look the very picture of health."

"Ah, my dear madam!" was the reply, "you know little about my disease; looks often deceive; the virus is working in me even now. I wish, for your sakes, that the journey was accomplished; but I greatly fear we shall not be able to keep our places till then; there is premonition in my *virus*."

"Your *virus*, sir! what do you mean?" said one of the ladies; "you make me uneasy; and surely you are getting worse. But what do you complain of?"

"Alas! madam, about eight days ago I was bitten by a mad dog—my cure cannot be effected; but there is momentary relief when I have leisure and room to take a ride in a coach, when this can be done safely for my fellow passengers. Though I look well, yet, when the fit seizes me—which it may do in a moment—I am no longer a responsible being; my strong inclination then is to bark like a dog, and fix my grasp upon any gentleman present, but I will take a lady rather than have nothing to snap at."

The feelings of the fat attorney, who had been a silent listener, were now wound up to the point of fear.

"Do you bite?" he exclaimed.

Harley's reply, with his teeth set on edge, his eyes staring in his head, and a horrible contortion of face, was,

"Bre-bre-ehre-wha-whur-bow-wha-rhe-bow-wow-wow-bow!"

"Open the door, coachman! stop the coach! let me out!" bellowed the man mountain.

The coach stopped, and down came John, saying,

"Hillo, what's the row inside?"

"Bow-wow-wow!" said Harley.

"What's the matter?" said coachy.

"Hydrophobia's the matter!" said the attorney; "open the door!—be quick, and let me out!"

The door was opened, when another "bow-wow" made the bulky attorney leap out as if one other moment's delay would secure a horrific bite, and bring him in for a disease for which no remedy has been discovered.

"But you'll get wet, sir," said the coachman.

"Oh, never mind," said the man mountain; "I'm thankful I'm out; I'll ride any where—on the top of the luggage, if you please;" and Harley and his sisters saw him no more.

Bare, but not Bear!—One of the most indefatigable of our city's curiosity-hunters was badly hoaxed by a wag yesterday, and we are sorry to add that the curiosity-hunter aforesaid, did not display his usual equanimity of temper on the occasion, but became turbulent and full of ire—a thing which, before, has never been his wont.

The wag told the curiosity-hunter—in the way of a *secret*—that he could show him the greatest curiosity in the South—a large dog, half bear, (bare,) which had just been brought from the Rocky Mountains. Thereupon the curiosity hunter became at once excited, and walked, at a most killing pace, through the broiling sun, in company with the wag, two-thirds of the way to Lafayette, in order to be delighted with the hybrid wonder, and take notes of his peculiarities.

It will not be difficult to fancy the surprise, or account for the ire of the curiosity-hunter, when instead of the mongrel that he expected, he was introduced to a large Newfoundland dog, half of whose body had been shaved the day before, and consequently he was as *bare* as a Mexican puppy, or the handle of a pump.—*New Orleans Delta.*

Rather Severe Criticism.—In a late number of an English paper, the Court Journal, we find the following notice of a poem, entitled "*Sybil, A Soul's History, and other Poems.*"

Misty absurdity, mere quantity—
Writer deficient in common ability;
Striving to wrap up nothing in mystery,
Very affectedly called "A Soul's History;"
Not a first effort at scribbling inanity,
(So says the preface with all judging vanity;)
List to the merciful sentence we utter, man:
Peace to your "soul," but your book—to the butter-man.

Varieties.

STARTING NEWSPAPERS.

The facility with which newspapers are started, would very naturally lead some among the uninitiated to conclude that their publication is a very desirable and lucrative business. The experience of thousands, however, tell a very different story. Leigh Hunt has just published an "autobiography," in which some very interesting facts in connection with this subject are developed. He says that he has, in his time, commenced no less than eight different newspapers or magazines, political, literary, or theatrical, and in only one instance did he reach the *paying* point—that was in the case of the Examiner, which, however, speedily declined until it fell into other hands. This is a curious fact, considering that Hunt is one of the most popular and fascinating writers in the language. It proves what has often been said, that in the newspaper business a peculiar talent is requisite for success.

We may say, without exaggeration, that not one in a hundred of all the newspapers that are started, ever reach the point of paying their expenses. We have plenty of men in our country who can beat Leigh Hunt in the number of their failures—men who are haunted through life by a newspaper mania; who start a fresh one before the obsequies of the last that died under their treatment are performed—and will do the same, ever hoping, ever failing, and never learning, until pitying death removes them from the temptation of type. Like some of these, Hunt lacked the business tact, the necessary experience and information, and the uniformity of character required to become a successful editor.

Down East Girls.—Speaking of Barnum's Chinese lady, who is holding court at Amory Hall, and who boasts of a foot only two and a-half inches long, the Boston Post observes that: "In some countries one thing, and in other countries something else indicates beauty. 'What a splendid woman!' says the Hottentot; 'she weighs over 300!' In America it is, 'What a lovely girl! her waist is only a span!' In China it is, 'What a lily! her foot is only two inches!' So we go. Which is best?"

To this, the wag of the Belfast (Maine) Journal, who is evidently as shrewd a connoisseur of female beauty as the Moor whom Shakspeare has immortalized, replies in the following satisfactory style:

"Nature, of course! We can show you some specimens Down East, who have not been deformed by liver squeezers nor tight shoes, fatted after the manner of Hottentots, or starved a la mode in cities. They have grown up according to organic law, dieted on beef-steak and corn bread, exercised as the Greeks used to; are up and coming like a flock of partridges with a pointer among 'em, can wash the tea things, go out and milk the cow, and jump over a five-rail fence with the pail full, and never spill a drop! Needn't 'rap;' we have seen 'em do it."

☞ "Nobody likes to be nobody, but everybody is pleased to think himself somebody; though the worst of the matter is, when anybody thinks himself to be somebody, he is too much inclined to think everybody else to be nobody.

Selected Articles.

NATURE AND HABITS OF THE LION.

[From that modern Nimrod, Mr. Cumming's "*Five Years' Adventures in South Africa*," we take the following instructive account of the habits of the lion:]

Although the dignified and truly monarchical appearance of the lion has long rendered him famous amongst his fellow quadrupeds, and his appearance and habits have often been described by abler pens than mine, nevertheless, I consider that a few remarks, resulting from my own personal experience, formed by a tolerably long acquaintance with him, both by day and by night, may not prove uninteresting to the reader. There is something so noble and imposing in the presence of the lion, when seen walking with dignified self-possession, free and undaunted, on his native soil, that no description can convey an adequate idea of his striking appearance.—The lion is exquisitely formed by nature for the predatory habits which he is destined to pursue. Combining in comparatively small compass the qualities of power and agility, he is enabled, by means of the tremendous machinery with which nature has gifted him, easily to overcome, and destroy almost every beast of the forest, however superior to him in weight and stature. Though considerably under four feet in height, he has little difficulty in dashing to the ground and overcoming the lofty and apparently powerful giraffe, whose head towers above the trees of the forest, and whose skin is nearly an inch in thickness. The lion is the constant attendant of the vast herds of buffalo which frequent the interminable forests of the interior; and a full-grown one, so long as his teeth are unbroken, generally proves a match for an old bull buffalo, which in size and strength greatly surpasses the most powerful breed of English cattle. The lion also preys on all the larger varieties of the antelopes, and of both varieties of the gnu. The zebra, which is met with in large herds throughout the interior, is also a favorite object of his pursuit. Lions do not refuse, as has been asserted, to feast upon the venison that they have not killed themselves. I have repeatedly discovered lions of all ages which had taken possession of, and were feasting upon, the carcases of various game quadrupeds which had fallen before my rifle. The lion is very generally diffused throughout the secluded parts of Southern Africa. He is, however, nowhere met with in great abundance, it being very rare to find more than three, or even two, families of lions frequenting the same district and drinking at the same fountain. When a greater number were met with, I remarked that it was owing to long protracted droughts, which, by drying nearly all the fountains, had compelled the game of various districts to crowd to the remaining springs, and the lions, according to their custom, followed in the wake. It is a common thing to come upon a full-grown lion and lioness associating with three or four large young ones, nearly full-grown—at other times, full grown males will be found associating and hunting together in a happy state of friendship: two, three, and four full-grown male lions may thus be discovered consorting together. The male lion is adorned with a long, rank, shaggy mane, which in some instances almost sweeps the ground. The color of these manes varies, some being very dark, and others of a golden yellow. This appearance has given rise to a prevailing opinion among the Boers that there are two distinct varieties of lions, which they distinguish by the respective names of "Schwart fore life" and "Chiel fore life:" this idea, however, is erroneous. The color of the lion's mane is generally influenced by his age. He attains his mane in the third year of his existence. I have remarked that at first it is of a yellowish color; in the prime of life it is blackest, and when he has numbered many years, but still is in the full enjoyment of his power, it assumes a yellowish gray, pepper-and-salt sort of color. These old fellows are cunning and dangerous, and most to be dreaded. The females are utterly destitute of a mane, being covered with a short, thick, glossy coat of tawny hair. The manes and coats of lions frequenting open-lying districts, utterly destitute of trees, such as the borders of the great Kalahari Desert, are more rank and handsome than those inhabiting forest districts. One of the most striking things connected with the lion is his voice, which is extremely grand and peculiarly striking. It consists at times of a low, deep moaning, repeated five or six times, ending in faintly audible sighs; at other times he startles the forest with loud, deep-toned, solemn roars, repeated five or six times in quick succession, each increasing in loudness to the third or fourth, when his voice dies away in five or six low, muffled sounds, very much resembling distant thunder. At times, and not unfrequently, a troop may be heard roaring in concert, one assuming the lead, and two, three, or four more regularly taking up their parts, like persons singing a catch. Like our Scottish stags in the rutting season, they roar loudest in cold, frosty nights; but on no occasions are their voices to be heard in such perfection, or so intensely powerful, as when two or three strange troops of lions approach a fountain to drink at the same time. When this occurs every member of each troop sounds a bold roar of defiance at the opposite parties; and when one roars, all roar together, and each seems to vie with his comrades in the intensity and power of his voice. The power and grandeur of these nocturnal forest concerts is inconceivably striking and pleasing to the hunter's ear. The effect, I may remark, is greatly enhanced when the hearer happens to be situated in the depths of the forest, at the dead hour of midnight, unaccompanied by any attendant, and ensconced within twenty yards of the fountain which the surrounding troop of lions are approaching. Such has been my situation many scores of times; and though I am allowed to have a tolerably good ear for music, I consider the catches with which I was then regaled as the sweetest and most natural I ever heard. As a general rule, lions roar during the night; their sighing moans commencing as the shades of evening envelope the forest, and continuing at intervals throughout the night. In distant and secluded regions, however, I have constantly heard them roaring loudly as late as nine and ten on a bright sunny morning. In hazy and rainy weather they are to be heard at every hour in the day, but their roar is subdued. It often happens that when two strange male lions meet at a fountain a terrific combat ensues, which not unfrequently ends in the death of one of them. The habits of the lion are strictly nocturnal; during the day he lies concealed beneath the shade of some low, bushy tree or wide-spread bush, either in the level forest or on the mountain-side. He is also partial to lofty reeds or fields of long, rank, yellow grass, such as occur in low-lying valleys. From these haunts he sallies forth when the sun goes down, and commences his nightly prowl. When he is successful in his beat, and has secured his prey, he does not roar much that night, only uttering occasionally a few low moans; that is, provided no intruders approach him, otherwise the case would be very different. Lions are ever most active, daring, and presuming in dark and stormy nights; and, consequently, on such occasions the traveller ought more particularly to be on his guard. I remarked a fact connected with the lions' hour of drinking, peculiar to themselves: they seemed unwilling to visit the fountains with good moonlight. Thus, when the moon rose early, the lions deferred their hour of watering till late in the morning, and when the moon rose late, they drank at a very early hour in the night. By this acute system many a grizzly lion saved his bacon, and is now luxuriating in the forests of South Africa, which had otherwise fallen by the barrels of my "Westley Richards." Owing to the tawny color of the coat with which nature has robed him he is perfectly invisible in the dark; and although I have often heard them loudly lapping the water under my very nose, not twenty yards from me, I could not possibly make out so much as the outline of their forms. When a thirsty lion comes to water he stretches out his massive arms, lies down on his breast to drink, and makes a loud lapping noise in drinking not to be mistaken. He continues lapping up the water for a long while, and four or five times during the proceeding he pauses for half a minute as if to take breath.—One thing conspicuous about them is their eyes, which, in a dark night, glow like two balls of fire. The female is more fierce and active than the male, as a general rule. Lionesses which have never had young are much more dangerous than those which have. At no time is the lion so much to be dreaded as when his partner has got small young ones. At that season he knows no fear; and, in the coolest and most intrepid manner, he will face a thousand men.

Charity.—I tell thee, thou foolish philanthropist, that I grudge the dollar, the dime, the cent, I give to such men as do not belong to me and to whom I do not belong. There is a class of persons to whom, by all spiritual affinity, I am bought and sold; for them I will go to prison, if need be; but your miscellaneous popular charities; the education at college of fools; the building of meeting-houses to the vain end to which many now stand; alms-houses to sots; and the thousand-fold Rel of Societies; though I confess with shame I sometimes succumb and give the dollar, it is a wicked dollar, which, by-and-bye, I shall have the manhood to withhold.—*Emerson.*

JACKSON AND BENTON.

We find in our exchanges the two following anecdotes:

General Jackson.—In the year 1811, Gen. Jackson had occasion to visit Natchez, in the Territory of Mississippi, for the purpose of bringing up a number of blacks, a part of whom had become his property, in consequence of having been security for a friend, and the remainder were hands which had been employed by a nephew in the neighborhood of that place. The road led through the country inhabited by the Chickasaw and Choctaw Indians, and the station of the agent for the Choctaws was upon it. On reaching the agency, he found seven or eight families of emigrants, and two members of the Mississippi Legislative Council detained there, under the pretence that it was necessary for them to have passports from the Governor of Mississippi. One of them had been sent forward to procure them. In the meantime, the emigrants were buying corn from the agent at an extravagant price, and splitting rails for him at a very moderate one.

Indignant at the wrong inflicted on the emigrants, he reproached the members of the Council for submitting to the detention, and asked the agent how he dared to demand a pass from a free American, travelling on a public road?—The agent replied by asking, with much temper, whether he had a pass?

"Yes, sir," replied the General. "I always carry mine with me; I am a free born American citizen, and that is a passport all over the world."

He then directed the emigrants to gear up their wagons, and if any one attempted to obstruct them, to shoot him down, as a highway robber. Setting them the example, he continued his journey, regardless of the threats of the agent.

After concluding his business, he was informed that the agent had collected about fifty white men and one hundred Indians, to stop him on his return, unless he produced a passport.—Though advised by his friends to procure one, he refused to do so, stating that no American citizen should ever be subject to the insult and indignity of procuring a pass, to enable him therewith to travel a public highway in his own country. Like all travellers among the Indians, at that time, he was armed with a brace of pistols; and having added a rifle and another pistol, he commenced his return journey. When within a few miles of the agency, he was informed by a friend who had gone forward to reconnoitre, that the agent had his force in readiness to stop him.

He directed his friend to advance again, and tell the agent that if he attempted to stop him, it would be at the peril of his life. He then put his blacks in order, and armed them with axes and clubs, at the same time telling them not to stop, unless directed by him, and if any one offered to oppose them, to cut him down.

Riding by their side, he approached the station, when the agent appeared and asked whether he meant to stop and show his passport?—Jackson replied,

"That depends upon circumstances. I am told that you meant to stop me by force; whoever attempts such a thing, will not have long to live!" and with a look that was not to be mistaken, he grasped his bridle with a firmer grip. His determined manner had such an effect, that the agent declared he had no intention of stopping him, and he and his party were suffered to pass on without further molestation or interruption. He afterwards reported the conduct of the agent to the Government, and he was dismissed from his agency.

Benton.—A correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune relates the following:

On a warm afternoon in the Spring of 1847, I was drinking from that fount of "general intelligence," a newspaper, at the Reading Room of the Broadway Hotel, Cincinnati, when a step or two in front of me I observed a man, whom I immediately took to be "somebody," in his own estimation at least. His dress betokened scrupulous neatness, and his manner was that of good society, but his bearing and look were such as we might expect of a *Lieutenant-Colonel* of the "old regime," and who felt in himself the destinies of a great and growing State. I did not know the man's name, title or degree, but I felt that though he might not be

"Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood,"

he possessed, in an eminent degree, the power,

"The applause of listening Senates to command."

While I was indulging in these reflections, a servant was washing the windows of the hotel. Presently dash came a bowl of water against the panes back of me, crash went the glass, and splash fell the liquid over the smooth hat, carefully brushed coat and snow-white vest of him whom I had been considering. Up flew those

"Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,"

and then the "Magisterial" arose from his seat as cautiously as if pearls had been thrown upon him, which he should lose were they to fall upon the floor, and there he stood with the glistening drops trickling down his face, and shining on his jet black coat, as immovable as the foundations of St. Paul's Cathedral at London until the offending servant had obtained a napkin and come to his rescue.

The "grave and reverend seignior" turned himself slowly, with a mien as dignified as if he had been in deep thought buried, before the Senate, until the sparkling water had been brushed from his person; the while heeding, not in the slightest degree, the "thousand and one" obsequious apologies of the careless window washer. The hotel proprietor, having learned the "catastrophe" rushed into the "august presence" with a severe malediction upon the heedless servant, when a decided "No matter, sir," checked his wrath as effectually as if he had been suddenly struck dumb, while the Missourian re-seated himself and buried his eyes in a newspaper as composedly as if he had never been disturbed.

There were great traits of a great character revealed in that slight event. I have watched the man's movements since, and I have never seen anything out of character in Thomas H. Benton, with the imperturbable gravity in which he took the hydropathy *compliment*.

A SULTAN'S JOKE.

An incident, which occurred soon after the accession of the present Sultan, shows that in some respects, at least, he is not indisposed to follow up the strong traditions of his race. At the beginning of his reign, the Ulema was resolved, if possible, to prevent the new Sultan from carrying on those reforms which had ever been so distasteful to the Turks, grating at once against their religious associations and their pride of race, and which recent events had certainly proved not to be productive of those good results anticipated by Sultan Mahmoud. To attain this object, the Muftis adopted the expedient of working on the religious fears of the youthful prince.

One day, as he was praying, according to his custom, at his father's tomb, he heard a voice from beneath reiterating in a stifled tone the words, "I burn." The next time that he prayed there the same words assailed his ears. "I burn" was repeated again and again, and no word beside. He applied to the chief of the Imams to know what this prodigy might mean, and was informed, in reply, that his father, though a great man, had also been, unfortunately, a great reformer, and that as such it was but too much to be feared that he had a terrible penance to undergo in the other world. The Sultan sent his brother-in-law to pray at the same place, and afterward several others of his household; and on each occasion the same portentous words were heard.

One day he announced his intention of going in state to his father's tomb, and was attended thither by a splendid retinue, including the chief doctors of the Mahometan law. Again during his devotions were heard the words, "I burn," and all except the Sultan trembled. Rising from his prayer-carpet, he called in his guards, and commanded them to dig up the pavement and remove the tomb. It was in vain that the Mufti interposed, reprobating so great a profanation, and uttering dreadful warning as to its consequences. The Sultan persisted. The foundations of the tomb were laid bare, and in a cavity skilfully left among them was found—not a burning Sultan, but a Dervise. The young monarch regarded him for a time fixedly and in silence, and then said, without any further remark or the slightest expression of anger, "You burn. We must cool you in the Bosphorus." In a few minutes more the Dervise was in a bag, and the bag immediately after was in the Bosphorus.—*De Vere's Sketches of Greece and Turkey.*

Cento Verses.—The juveniles will find it a pleasing recreation to select lines of poetry from different authors, which will rhyme with each other, and make new verses which will sometimes make curious sense. Such are called cento verses; here are a few verses:

"I hear the dread note of the drum,"
"The silver moon is waning;"
"The melancholy days are come"
"To give our boys a caning."

"A mason's daughter fair and young"
"Cross boatman do not tarry;"
"If you love me as I love you,"
"When do you mean to marry?"

"The moon had climbed the highest hill,"
"The hero's lance to throw;"
"Then with her sulky court she sang—"
"John Anderson, my Jo." H. W. H.

GOD'S-ACRE.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

I like the ancient Saxon phrase, which calls
The burial-ground "God's-Acre!" It is just;
It consecrates each grave within its walls,
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

God's-Acre! Yes: that blessed name imparts
Comfort to those who in the grave have sown
The seed that they have garnered in their hearts,
Their bread of life, alas! no more their own!

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,
In the sure faith that we shall rise again
At the great harvest, when the Archangel's blast
Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.

Then shall the good stand in perpetual bloom,
In the fair gardens of the second birth,
And each bright blossom mingle its perfume
With that of flowers which never bloom on earth.

With thy rude ploughshare, Death, turn up the sod,
And spread the furrow for the seed we sow;
This is the field and Acre of our God,
This is the place where human harvests grow.

Green gate of Paradise! let in the sun!
Unclose thy portals, that we may behold
Those fields Elysian, where bright rivers run,
And waving harvests bend like seas of gold.

EXECUTION OF HUNGARIAN GENERALS.

The following account of the execution of thirteen Hungarian Generals and Staff Officers, by the Austrian General, Haynau, on the 6th of October, is from a History of the late war:

Four of these heroic men met their end at daybreak, the commutation of their sentence to "powder and lead" exempting them from the anguish of witnessing the death of their companions-in-arms. Amongst the rest was Ernest Kiss. His brother had become insane after Gorgey's treachery; his cousin had fallen, a second Leonidas, in the defence of the Rothenthurm-Pass; he himself, the richest landed proprietor in the Banat, whose hospitable castle was all the year round filled with Austrian cavaliers and officers, was on the 6th of October sentenced to death by the Austrian court-martial, on which sat many of the former partakers of his hospitality. His friends at Vienna had interceded to save his life, but in vain. He died a painful death: the Austrian soldiers who were ordered to carry the sentence into effect, and who for a whole year had faced the fire of the Hungarian artillery, trembled before their defenceless victim: three separate vollies were fired before Kiss fell—his death struggles lasted full ten minutes.

The report of the firing was heard in the castle, where those officers sentenced to be hung were preparing for death. Poltenberg had been in a profound sleep, and startled, as he told the Austrian officer, by the first volley, he had jumped out of bed. The unhappy man had been dreaming that he was in face of the enemy, and heard the firing of alarm signals at his outposts; it was the summons from the grave. At 6 o'clock in the morning the condemned officers were led to the place of execution. Old Aulich died first: he was the most advanced in years, and the court-martial seemed thus to respect the natural privilege of age. Distinguished by his zeal and efforts in the cause of his country, more than by the success which attended them, Aulich was inferior to many of his comrades in point of talent; but in uprightness and strength of character none surpassed him. Count Leiningen was the third in succession, and the youngest. An opportunity had been offered him late on the preceding evening of escaping by flight; but he would not separate his fate from that of his brother-in-law, who was a prisoner in the fortress. His youth, perhaps, inspired him with a desire of giving to his elder companions in sorrow around him an example of heroic stoicism in death; and, on reaching the place of execution, he exclaimed, with melancholy humor, "They ought at least to have treated us to a breakfast." One of the guard of soldiers compassionately handed him his wine flask. "Thank you, my friend," said the young General, "I want no wine to give me courage,—bring me a glass of water." He then wrote on his knee with a pencil the following farewell words to his brother-in-law:—"The shots which this morning laid my poor comrades low, still resound in my ears, and before me hangs the body of Aulich on the gallows. In this solemn moment when I must prepare to appear before my Creator, I once more protest against the charges of cruelty at the taking of Buda, which an infamous slanderer has raised against me. On the contrary, I have on all occasions protected the Austrian prisoners. I commend to you my poor Liska and my two children. I die for a cause which always appeared to me just and holy. If in happier days my friends ever desire to avenge my death, let them reflect, that humanity is the best political wisdom. As for—" here the hangman interrupted him: it was time to die.

Torok, Lahner, Poltenberg, Nagy Sandor, Knezich, died one after the other. Vecsey was the last; perhaps they wished, by this nine-fold aggravation of his torments, to make him suffer for the destruction caused by his cannon at Temesvar. Damianich preceded him. The usual dark color of his large features was heightened by rage and impatience. His view had never extended further than the glittering point of his heavy sabre; this was the star which he had followed throughout life; but now he saw whither it had conducted him, and impatiently he exclaimed, when limping up to the gallows, "Why is it that I, who have always been foremost to face the enemy's fire, must here be the last?" The deliberate slowness of the work of butchery seemed to disconcert him more than the approach of death, which he had defied in a hundred battles. This terrible scene lasted from six until nine o'clock.

The Riddler.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 22 letters.
My 1, 7, 8, 15, 12, 11, is a Senator from Tennessee.
My 2, 7, 15, 6, 14, 8, is also one from Virginia.
My 3, 13, 19, 17, 21, is one of the Representatives from Ohio.
My 5, 15, 9, 12, 8, 4, 20, 17, is a Representative from Tennessee.
My 6, 2, 7, 8, 21, 1, 20, 17, is the Delegate from Oregon to Washington.
My 7, 17, 16, 6, 3, 3, 4, 1, 5, 22, 12, 21, is threatened with dissolution.
My 9, 7, 14, 8, is a Representative from the Empire State.
My 10, 4, 2, 7, is a Representative from N. Carolina.
My 11, 20, 7, 15, 18, is a Representative from Illinois.
My 12, 13, 5, 15, 4, is a Representative from Maryland.
My 13, 16, 15, 22, 20, 17, is a Representative from Ohio.
My 16, 17, 18, 11, is a Representative from Alabama.
My 17, 20, 8, 8, 16, 21, is a Senator from New Hampshire.
My 18, 8, 14, 15, 19, is a Senator from R. Island.
My 19, 20, 6, 1, 11, 8, came near being elected Speaker of the House of Representatives.
My 20, 6, 16, 4, is a Representative from Maine.
My 21, 22, 15, 22, 21, 20, 17, is a Representative from Maine.
My 22, 2, 7, 8, 15, 10, 17, is a Representative from New York.
My whole is nearly thirty years of age. H. W. S.

RIDDLE.

Though I live in a study, I know not a letter;
I feast on the muses, but am ne'er the better,
Can run over English, o'er Latin, o'er Greek,
But none of the languages ever could speak.
J. P. P.

QUESTION.

Bought a watch and chain for $180, and find the price of the watch to be to the price of the chain, as the price of the chain to $1. Required the price of each? A. C.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a tailor our unsteadiest party man?
Ans.—Because he is the greatest turn-coat we have.

☞ Why is a tinman a doubtful temperance man?
Ans.—Because he is often at his cups—and strikes [illegible]

☞ Why is a restless man in bed like a lawyer?
Ans.—Because he lies on all sides.

☞ Why is a benevolent man like a cart horse?
Ans.—Because he always stops at the sound of woe. ("wo!")

☞ Why is a shoemaker necessarily religious?
Ans.—Because he [illegible] to secure his sole.

☞ What is it that bothers most a cabinet-maker?
Ans.—Putting a leg to a multiplication table.

☞ Why is a coachmaker like a shrewd lawyer and a would be pretty woman?
Ans.—Because he varnishes things over so—and paints.

☞ Why is the hub of a cart-wheel like a handsome young lady?
Ans.—Because it's always surrounded with fellers.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

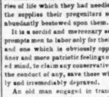
ENIGMAS.
John Lord of Avondale
Nashville Convention

CHARADE.—Bog.

TREE PROBLEM.

An algebraical solution of the "Tree Problem," published in the Post of 27th July, is furnished by "A Subscriber," with the result: 59 feet, 5 in.

Agricultural.



PLANTING TREES.

Many object to planting trees, because forsooth, the benefit of their labors can only be enjoyed by posterity. But it would be well for such as advance this objection to bear in mind that posterity has the same unquestionable right to claim at their hands the necessaries and luxuries of life which they had needlessly to destroy the supplies their progenitors so liberally and abundantly bestowed upon them.

It is a sordid and mercenary sentiment which prompts men to labor only for their own delights, and one which is obviously opposed to all the finer and more patriotic feelings of the enlightened mind, to claim any conservative influence over the conduct of any, save those who are habitually and irremediably depraved.

An old man engaged in transplanting some trees, was accosted by a passer by with the interrogation:—

"Why do you plant who cannot partake of the fruit?" The old man slowly raised himself from his recumbent position, and gazing for a while in mute but eloquent silence upon the queriest, replied:

"Others planted trees for me, before I was born: I have enjoyed the blessings, and partaken of the fruit of their labors, and now plant that others may participate in the blessings of mine, and that the moral of gratitude may exist when I am dead and gone."

Such sentiments do credit both to the head and heart. There are, on almost every farm, sections which, from their natural roughness and sterility, are susceptible of improvement in no other way.

In Great Britain much has been accomplished by enterprise in this matter, and a lesson has there been presented for our contemplation, from which we may one day be happy to improve. In England, Scotland and Wales, the lofty, barren and heath-covered mountains, which, in certain sections of those countries, form so distinguished and remarkable a feature in the common landscape, are being converted into plantations of valuable and beautiful trees. The old Duke of Athol planted on his estates in Perthshire, no less than *fifteen thousand five hundred and ninety-seven acres*, containing upwards of *twenty-seven millions four hundred and thirty-one thousand six hundred trees!* One of his successors, encouraged by the wonderful success of this astounding and patriotic experiment, planted six thousand five hundred acres of mountain land, solely with German Larches. The land constituting this immense tract, was rented, before planting, for less than twenty-two cents per statute acre. It is now valued at upwards of thirty-two million five hundred thousand dollars.

There is not a farmer in America who owns an acre of unimprovable soil, that may not, in a very limited time, render it the most valuable part of his possession. Most, if not all, of our indigenous forest trees, when transplanted into such soils, with the exercise of a suitable degree of skill and attention to the ordinary principles of the art, flourish without any perceptible diminution of their vigor, or loss of native strength. In sections where it is indigenous—and, indeed, in many where it is not, the white oak—(*Quercus alba*) and the red oak—(*Quercus rubra*) as well as the "rock" or "sugar maple"—(*Acer saccharinum*) and even the locust—(*Robinia*) are valuable, and susceptible of easy cultivation on any description of soil on which they can find root. Vacant spaces by the sides of roads and fences, should be planted with trees, and no spot capable of receiving an oak or a maple, should be suffered to remain unimproved. Our highways, thus ornamented, would present a most beautiful appearance, besides the trees thus planted and nurtured, would, in a short time, add not a little to the wealth of the country, and to the convenience of the traveller during the sultry heat of summer. Could our farmers, generally, but be sensibly impressed with the importance of attending early to this matter, and more especially the rising generation, who are so soon to occupy the places and inherit the lands of those now upon the stage of active life, it would scarcely be neglected another day.—*Pennsylvania Telegraph.*

THE CULTIVATION OF COTTON.

The Alabama Planter, in an article which we find copied in several of the leading Southern journals, discourages cotton planters from emigrating to the West. It alleges that while the actual cotton producing area is nearly doubled since 1839, the production has increased only a mere fraction. After going a little into particulars to show this, the Planter proceeds thus:

"No one can doubt that there is a manifest falling off in the product per acre of cotton, and this reduction tells heavily on the cost of production per pound; and unless a great change takes place in some respect, this increased cost of production and lessened amount produced per acre, are bound to go on to an indefinite extent until their combined influences shall enable other countries by the stimulants of pressing demands and increased prices to take from us the monopoly that we now possess in supplying the markets of the world with this article, and we thus lose the high vantage ground we now occupy. To us it is a matter of much greater moment to cheapen the cost of production than increase its amount, and to this end we should keep our attention steadily directed to new or improved modes of cultivation, productive and valuable varieties of cotton, increased fertility of land by manuring, draining, and the like, added to increased facilities for transportation by means of railroad, plank and Macadamized roads. These must all contribute to this end.—This consideration gives new and additional force to the reasons for pushing forward with vigor enterprises for facilitating the trade of the country. It requires no argument to show that if I can get a bale of cotton to market for fifty cents less than formerly, that I either save that fifty cents, or am able to put it in market for that much less, and thus my position as a producer is made stronger to that extent. Improving lands by manuring, draining, &c., has then, besides the intrinsic value added to them by these means, the additional advantage of increasing the production of the district or country, and by this means concentrating capital and production sufficiently to enable it to carry out improvements. Thus each assisting the other in rendering the country strong in its capacity of producing and bringing into market, at the lowest possible rates, an article indispensable to the world in its present state, and most likely to continue so for a long period to come. These considerations make it desirable that our people should, instead of pushing far West into new regions, with bad roads, sparse settlements and the thousand evils and disadvantages of a new country, remain where they are, improve their old lands where they have lands, or if they have none, select the most suitable lands, new or old, they can procure, as near as they can to the lines of some of the improvements now making; improve or preserve them, and stay there—after awhile they will be valuable. SUMTER."

IMPROVEMENTS IN MACHINERY.

Mr. Joseph Whitworth, an engineer, of Manchester, (England,) has recently patented a number of improvements in machinery applicable to agricultural and sanatory purposes, which are thus described:

With regard to the subject of the invention of improvements in machinery applicable to agricultural and sanatory purposes, the patentee claims—

First—The arrangement of machinery with disc, annular, or scythe cutters, for the purpose of cutting or mowing corn, grass, or other crops, as described.

Secondly—The arrangement and construction of mechanical parts into a machine for cleansing the gutters or channels in streets, by means of a circular brush, with the system of levers necessary for carrying and actuating the same, and adjusting its position to suit the work.

The second part refers to a machine for the sweeping of channels and gutters, and consists of an annular brush, which is mounted on a shaft, placed at such an incline that the disc face of the brush, which is opposed to the surface of the ground, shall be at a suitable incline for the periphery at one side, which extends beyond the wheel, and so as to come in contact with the ground at that point.

The motion is transmitted to the brush from one of the running wheels, by a train of spur and bevel wheels—the shafts being so gimballed, in order to permit the necessary alteration in the incline of the shafts.

☞ The *Historic Times*, of London, announces that the successor of General Taylor is Mr. "Phillimore"!!!

Yield of Wheat.—The Macomb (Michigan) Gazette lately stated that Ira Philips, of Armada, in that county, raised from one acre of ground, *one hundred and twenty-four* bushels of wheat.

That appeared to be a very large story to believe—*sixty two* bushels to the acre—particularly when the fact is taken into consideration that forty bushels to the acre is considered pretty fair for the mellow soil of the Genesee Valley, when well cultivated. But the Mormons of Salt Lake, or Utah, make still larger draughts upon our credulity. An account from thence says:

"*Seventy-five bushels of wheat to the acre is the ordinary yield when sown broadcast, but one hundred and sixty bushels have been produced from a single bushel of seed*, when planted in drill. Corn only grows tolerably well, in consequence of the nights being too cold. Potatoes are easily grown, and produce abundantly. All the smaller grains flourish. The usual time to begin agricultural work is about the first of April. In consequence of the proximity of mountains, which are always covered with snow, there is very little rain, and the lands are irrigated by means of canals at the base of the hills."

All we can say to the above is, that we think that in Michigan and Utah they must have considerably *larger-sized acres* than we have in this State.—*Albany Register.*

The Olio.

"I WOULD NOT HAVE THEE YOUNG AGAIN."

I would not have thee young again,
Since I myself am old;
Not that thy youth was ever vain,
Or that my age is cold;
But when upon thy gentle face
I see the shades of time,
A thousand memories replace
The beauties of thy prime.

Though from thine eyes of softest blue
Some light hath passed away,
Love looketh forth as warm and true
As on our bridal day.
I hear thy song, and though in part
'Tis fainter in its tone,
I need it not, for still thy heart
Seems singing to my own.

A Drama Thirty Centuries Old Revived.—A recent great theatrical wonder of the [illegible] Paris, has been the revival of a piece from the Hindoo Theatre, "which was performed for the first time" some three thousand years ago, in a city which no longer has an existence on the earth, and written by the sovereign of a country whose very name has become a matter of dispute. The piece was translated from the original Sanscrit by Gerard de Nerval, and met with unbounded success. All Paris has been aroused by this curious contemplation of the ideas and [illegible] lives of these remote ages, and a whimsical [illegible] of delight is experienced at finding the human nature of Hindostan of so many centuries ago and the human nature of modern Paris, [illegible] nearly alike in their puerility and violence, their audacity and absurdity, that the play may very well be called a *piece de circonstance*. King Soudraka, the author, seems to have anticipated the existence of such men as Louis Blanc and Proudhon, of Louis Bonaparte and Carlier; so true is it that there is nothing new under the sun, and that not an idea floats on the tide of human intelligence but what has been borne thither by the waters of oblivion, where it had been already [illegible].—*Graham's Magazine.*

Dutch Custom.—We are apt to [illegible] some of the customs and habits of our [illegible] ancestors, whilst we honestly esteem others. A custom exists to this present day in Harlem, which the erudite and learned Dietrich Knickerbocker seems to have been utterly ignorant of, else we are sure he would have embodied it in his "History of New York," as, no doubt, it must have been prevalent here also. It is worthy of imitation in the present enlightened age. It is this:

When a married lady is confined, having presented the State with a son or a daughter, and her husband with a pledge of her affection, a large white linen cockade is fastened over the front door of her house, and neither a police officer, constable or soldier, whose appearance might frighten her, can be permitted to cross the threshold. Her husband is not liable to arrest for the first six weeks of her confinement. Van Sweiten, in his "Commentaries on Boerhaave's Aphorisms," greatly lauds the law makers for paying so much attention to the lady who presents the State with a citizen.

The Good Woman.—A good woman never grows old. Years may pass over her head, but if benevolence and virtue dwell in her heart, she is as cheerful as when the spring of life first opened to her view. When we look upon a good woman we never think of her age; she looks as charming as when the rose of youth bloomed on her cheek. That rose has not faded yet; it will never fade. In her family she is the life and delight. In her neighborhood she is the friend and benefactor. In the church the devout worshipper and the exemplary Christian. Who does not respect and love the woman who has passed her days in acts of kindness and mercy—whose whole life has been a scene of kindness and love, a devotion to truth and religion? We repeat, such a woman cannot grow old. She will always be fresh and buoyant in spirits, and active in humble deeds of mercy and benevolence. If the young lady desires to retain the bloom and beauty of youth, let her love truth and virtue, and to the close of life she will retain those feelings which now make life appear a garden of sweets, ever fresh and ever new.

For Housekeepers.

A USEFUL COMPOSITION.

In the Scientific Convention, at New Haven, Professor Olmstead stated that rosin, added to lard, gives it a degree of *fluidity* not before possessed by the lard, and also prevents the lard forming those acids which corrode metals, copper and brass, for example:

Several important practical applications result from this property. Its use for lubricating surfaces of brass or copper has already been adverted to. It is equally applicable to [illegible], such as sheet-iron. I have found a very thin coat, applied with a brush, sufficient to preserve Russia-iron stoves and grates from rusting during Summer, even in damp situations.

I usually add to [illegible] a portion of black lead. This preparation, when applied with a brush in the thinnest possible film, will be found a complete protection to sheet iron stoves and [illegible]. The same property renders the compound of lard and rosin a valuable ingredient in the composition of shaving soap. The quality of shaving soap is greatly improved by a larger proportion of oil than is usually employed, so as completely to saturate the alkali; but such soap easily becomes rancid when wet with water, and suffered to remain damp, as it commonly is when in use. If a certain proportion of this compound is added to common Windsor soap, (say one-[illegible] its weight,) the tendency to grow rancid is prevented.

A very soft and agreeable shaving compound, or cream, may be made by steaming in a close vessel a cake of any common shaving soap, so as to reduce it to a soft consistence, and then mixing intimately with it half its weight of our resinous preparation, adding a few drops of some odoriferous substance. The same compound forms an excellent water-proof paste for leather. Boots, when treated with it, will soon afterwards take the usual polish when blacked, and the soles may be saturated with it, without danger of soiling the floor, as it does not rub off, while the leather is rendered, in a high degree, impervious to water.

The perfect solution into which rosin passes when heated with oil, suggested the possibility of improving, in this way, the quality of oils used for illumination, and by its reducing the melting point of lard, to render that more suitable for burning in solar lamps. I therefore added powdered rosin to lard oil, in the proportion of eight ounces of rosin to one gallon of oil; and applied a moderate heat sufficient to produce perfect solution. I then lighted two solar lamps, equal in all respects—the one with lard oil, the other with the same, holding the rosin in solution, and regulating the flames so as to be as nearly of the same size as possible. I measured by the method of shadows, the comparative intensities of light, which I found to be as 7 to 5 in favor of the prepared oil. This burned with a flame of peculiar richness, plainly exceeding in density that from the simple oil; but after two hours the flame of the prepared oil began to decline slowly, and soon became inferior to the other, an effect which doubtless [illegible] from the clogging of the wick. I had hoped, on account of the perfect solution which the rosin seemed to undergo, that the compound would burn freely, without encountering this impediment—but in this respect I was disappointed, and can only say that if some means can be devised for avoiding the tendency to clog the wick, the addition of a small portion of rosin to lard oil or lard, will add essentially to its value for burning in solar lamps, by rendering it less liable to congeal, and by increasing its illuminating power.

THE

EDMUND DEACON,
HENRY PETERSON,

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VOLUME X

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LABOR.

BY JOHN G. WHITT

Original No

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(CONTINUED.)